THE BEST MEETING: YOU AND—

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 90. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JULY 23RD, 1910. ONE PENNY.

French or German by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years MR. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH OR GERMAN?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1910 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15/-; of the German, 10/-. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S *COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH or GERMAN in simple language from the very first lesson.*

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning "The Modern Man" when inquiring.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE. (Established 1875.)

Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TEACHING BRANCHES for CLASSES or PRIVATE LESSONS:

33, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; 303, High Holborn, W.C.;
64 and 66, Oxford Street, W.; 205, Earl's Court Road, S.W.

COPYRIGHT.

A Real Face Pleaser.

5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/-

Clenechave

5/-

5/-

The New Safety Razor. A decided improvement on all previous shaving implements. A shave with it gives that indescribable feeling of glorious freshness inseparable from an easy, comfortable, clean shave.

Razor Perfection at Last.

NO intricate mechanism.
NO springs to break.
NO rust—made of special non-corrosive metal and heavily silver- plated.
NO cuts—impossible to make a slip, with its disastrous consequences.
NO double shaving—gets it all off first time round.

British Made Throughout.

5/- Complete in magnificent leatherette case, silk padded, with nickel plated stropper and 7 extra keen blades, made from the finest lancet steel.

Popular Price.

5/- Send P.O. **5/-** to-day for **your** outfit. You are certain to get one eventually, **GET IT NOW** and shave in comfort.

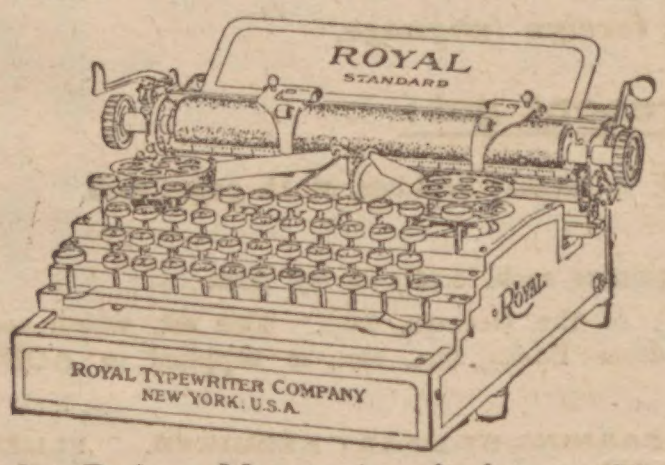
THE CLENECHAVE SAFETY RAZOR CO., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/- 5/-

THE ROYAL TYPEWRITER.

£15 15s. 0d.

YOU MAY PAY MORE, BUT YOU CANNOT BUY MORE!



The Modern Business Man requires the latest and best writing machine for dealing with his correspondence. It is not an economical transaction for him, if he purchases typewriters of obsolete design listed at excessive prices. Many of the largest users of writing machines in the United Kingdom are now buying Royals. Among these we may mention, London County Council, British South Africa Co., Prudential Assurance Co., Ltd., Stubbs, Ltd., Norwich Union Insurance Co., P. & O. Steamship Co., Harrod's Stores, Ltd., and nearly all the leading Railway Companies. Send for a Royal on free trial.

VISIBLE WRITING MACHINE CO., Ltd.,
75a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
Telephone, 4785 L. Wall.

YOU CAN DRESS WELL ON 5/- MONTHLY

OUR easy payment terms allow you to dress well in good hard-wearing, well-fashioned and tailor-made suits for the small sum of 5/- monthly, which you pay privately by post. Our suits are cut to your own measurements, guaranteed good cloth, good fit, good style—every bit good—good lining, good buttons and finish—Suits which make you feel comfortable and well-dressed. Prices **34/6**, etc. (5/- monthly). **A selection of 36 patterns, fashion-plate, and self-measurement form free. Write to-day and ask for FREE PATTERNS.**

Ladies' Costumes from **25/-** (4/- monthly). Patterns FREE.

BOOTS ON EASY TERMS

Fine Box Calf, Jockey Back, Straight Cap, etc., **12/3** cash, or **13/6** Easy Terms. Send **2/6** with size. Tan Willow, **17/6.** Boot List Free.

MASTERS, LTD., 85, HOPE STORES, RYE, SUSSEX.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 90. WEEK ENDING JULY 23RD, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THE CLANSMAN'S BADGES.

THE SCOT'S SUBSTITUTE FOR COLOURS.

The wild myrtle, or fir club moss, is the adge of the great Campbell clan, while eir hereditary foes, the Macdonalds, sport e common heath. The oak and the thistle the badge of the Stewarts, and boxwood, hich is said to be the oldest badge of all, worn by the Macphersons, M'Intoshes, acduffs, MacBeans, Shaws, MacGillivrays, avidsons, MacQueens, and other members f Clan Chattan.

The Menzies (pronounced M'ng-is) clan are ithful to the mountain ash, while the lackenzies, MacMillans, and MacInneses re not restricted to Christmastide for the earing of the holly, for a sprig of that bush their prickly badge, which may well be upposed to signify that anyone who falls ul of that doughty tribe will run against e pricks.

Like the Stewarts, the Buchanan, Cameron, d MacFie (or MacPhee) clans display the ak, but the Camerons and MacFies also port the crowberry, while the Buchanans ave the bilberry as an alternative badge.

The Macfarlanes favour the cranberry, or loudberry, and *the* Macnab is divided be- ween the roebuckberry, and the crowberry.

Do sunflowers grow in the Highlands? I o not know, but the little sunflower (also the oxglove) is the badge of the Ferguson, acFarquhar, and Farquharson clans. By the gd hawthorn you may know the Johnston, nd the yew betrays the Fraser.

To English readers, I daresay, it will be ews that the Gunns are a Highland clan, but his is so, and in the old days they were oted, even in the Highlands, for their fierce- ess and turbulence. Their badge is the niper or the roseroot.

Another clan is the Rose, whose badge, appropriately ough, is wild rosemary.

Butcher's broom or cotton sedge makes one utherland known to another. Ivy binds the ordons together, and the Grahams and the acLarens wear the laurel.

A bit of red grass is the mark of the ackay, bell heath or cypress betokens the acDougall, while the Robertson values a prig of five-leaved heath or of bracken.

The Chisholms cultivate the fern, while e Cumins have their own "Cumin plant." To mention a few others, there are the ryas or algoe of the MacNeills, the juniper MacLeod and Ross, the whitethorn or awthorn of the Ogilvies, the whin or gorse f the Sinclairs, the common club moss of the unros, the wild myrtle or fir club moss of e MacArthurs, and the wild thyme or holly f the Drummonds.

D. MACPHERSON.

CHEEK.

In a contribution to the "Daily Telegraph," ex-President Roosevelt alludes to "The Rhino Nuisance." If he feels like that about it, he can send what he wants to get rid of to the undersigned, care of this office.

* * *

The "Gentlewoman" says that "Ridiculous extremes in dress are almost always found in conjunction with an absence of humour." But in defence of Miss Maud Allan, we assert that she has a pretty wit.

* * *

Says Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, "Any living drama must be a moral teacher. But it must not usurp the birch of the schoolmaster. . . ." Of course not. That duty must always be reserved for the Caine.

* * *

VARYING VIEW-POINTS.

[The Suffragettes are taking up ju-jitsu.—*Daily Paper.*]

Were the Suffragette speaker an elderly dame
Preaching policies rudely importunate,
Then a bout of ju-jitsu is hardly the game
We should care about trying our fortune at.

But suppose she were youthful and comely of face,
With a way that enchanted us all with her,
Our dislike for the sport would diminish apace;
And at last we should fancy a fall with her.

* * *

In answer to a correspondent, "M.A.P." says: "It is not wise to bathe directly after meals, and perhaps wiser not to bathe between them." This leaves us wondering which our contemporary advises us to give up—bathing or meals?

* * *

A recent novel contains the information that "There is no heaven without its corresponding hell." Corresponding hell, eh? Ah! Now we know where those newspaper nuisances, the "special correspondents," go to in the end.

* * *

A well-known firm is offering a prize for the best short story dealing with its soup. The plot, we suppose, must be a gradually thickening one, with a lot of spooning in it.

* * *

The "Literary Post" asks if it is not time that our sports were purged of aggressively snobbish distinctions. Dear old Mrs. Footler says that the ground for this question is not aperient.

* * *

"A generous lie," says Anna Constantine, "is better than a mean truth." "Everybody knows that!" commented Mr. G. Olfing-Madd. "What is more pleasing in the world than a 'good lie'?"

* * *

A promising American horse is called Whisk Broom. We fancy he will make a clean sweep of some big plates shortly.

J. S. COX.

HOW ARMY OFFICERS ARE PUNISHED.

SOME SEVERE PENALTIES.

When an Army officer offends against military law, or circumstances arise which make it necessary that his conduct should be investigated, he is usually placed under arrest, that is, confined to his quarters, though he may be placed under the custody of a guard, picquet, or sentry.

An officer is generally placed under arrest by the adjutant, acting by order of the commanding officer. Any senior officer, however, may place a junior under arrest, though he may not do so if another officer senior to himself is present.

In the exceptional case of a quarrel, fray, or disorder arising, an officer may place his senior under arrest, but that would very rarely happen.

Arrest is either close or open. Under close arrest an officer may not leave his quarters except for the purpose of taking such exercise under supervision as the medical officer considers necessary.

Under open arrest an officer may leave his quarters to take exercise at stated periods and within certain limits, usually the precincts of the barracks or camp.

He may be permitted to go outside barracks, or even from one town to another, for the purpose, for example, of collecting evidence in his defence. But he must not appear in his own or any other mess, or at any public assembly, or at any place of entertainment or amusement.

In default of special permission, he must always wear uniform, but without sash, sword, belt, or spurs. He hands over his sword on or soon after being placed under arrest.

Unlike Tommy Atkins, an officer cannot claim a court-martial as a right. (N.B. Tommy Atkins can insist on a district court-martial when his commanding officer awards or proposes to award any punishment which will involve any deduction from his ordinary pay.

Except in very grave cases an officer is usually cashiered, dismissed, or sentenced to lose so many months or years seniority. The difference between cashiering and dismissal is that an officer who has been cashiered can never again serve the Crown in any capacity, but an officer who has been dismissed may do so.

The Sovereign has absolute power to dispense with any officer's services.

A court-martial may sentence an officer to death, penal servitude, or imprisonment, but an officer can only be tried by a General Court-Martial—or, in time of war, a Field General Court-Martial.

C. A. WATERS.

GOLF CADDIES

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTCH VARIETY—AND THE DIFFERENCE.

In Scotland, the golf caddie is often a grown and elderly man who has carried clubs from the time he put on his first pair of abbreviated breeks, and asks nothing better than to carry clubs until he reaches the last "green" of all.

Such caddies are generally regular "characters," full of pawky wit and quaint but sound philosophy. They are sometimes cantankerous, are often over fond of a "wee drappie," and they are inveterate gamblers. But they have at least one redeeming feature—they are sportsmen and genuine lovers of the game.

They have a remarkable gift of identifying themselves with their temporary master's interests.

You arrive on a Scottish links for the first time, and the caddie-master apportions you a caddie. Neither of you has seen the other before, but from the time you foozle your first drive under the admiring eyes of the crowd at the first tee till that dreadful moment when you miss that "short putt" on the last green for the match, he takes complete charge of you, and becomes at once your willing slave and your imperious master.

YOUR CADDIE A PARTNER.

You cease to exist as an individual, and become a partner in a firm. It is not you but "we" who are in the bunker; "we" play the like, or "one off two;" "we" are "two up," or—Oh Hades!—"five down and six to play."

Your caddie shares your triumphs, mourns your defeats, and not merely because he has backed you for "saxpence" or a "bob"; he is ever ready with timely advice and forceful criticism. The latter is sometimes apt to be a trifle too forceful, and he is also too much inclined perhaps to throw cold water when you begin to exult.

I remember once making a rather fine "brassy" shot.

"Good shot that, eh," I said triumphantly to my caddie.

"Oo aye," he grunted, "but ye'll never mak' anither like it so long as ye leeve."

It was disconcerting, but true.

The adult Scottish caddie then is golfing "guide, philosopher, and (candid) friend"; he knows the game inside out, and is often a fine player. Above all he is an enthusiast and keen as mustard.

THE ENGLISH SPECIMEN.

Sometimes he is a trifle too "Colman." I remember one caddy of this sort on whom one had to keep a sharp eye, for he was not above giving your ball a sly kick out of a nasty lie, or similarly helping your opponent's ball into a bunker. He was ready, too, at all times to fight the other caddies when there was any dispute as to the score.

But there are other caddies. I don't say there are no good caddies in England, for there are, but the average English caddy is a snuffling, ragged Board-School boy, who neither knows nor cares anything about the game. He is four-foot-six or so of exasperation, and probably shortens golfers' lives. He certainly lessens their handicaps.

Among his many cardinal sins is lagging behind. You have a delicate "approach" to make—a shot on which everything hangs. Where is your mashie? With the caddie about fifty yards behind. A shout brings him up at a shambling trot which often ends in a somersault over your precious bag. If you don't ask for the mashie, he hands you the niblick or putter.

You address the ball, only to be disturbed by the caddie's stertorous breathing. One way or another he makes you miss the shot and fills your soul with black hatred and your mouth with unprintable words.

You may tell him fifty times not to stand behind your eye when you are making a shot, but the next critical stroke finds him in the forbidden position.

Turn your head away for an instant, and you will find him cutting daisies with your favourite driver.

He never by any chance looks where your ball goes to, and I don't believe he could find a haystack in a packet of needles.

A MUZZLE REQUIRED.

And he talks. Boy caddies ought to be muzzled. If he finds you irresponsive to his irritating babble about his own infernal affairs he talks to your opponent's caddie while you are playing.

Sometimes he is openly insolent, at other times unconsciously so, like the diminutive urchin who adjured a very distinguished but foozling general officer in the following terms: "Come, come, old gentleman, this won't do."

That boy, however, was a pearl of price, for he actually took an interest in the game.

The average boy caddie's chief characteristics are an absolute indifference to your interests, a nose that perpetually wants blowing, a cackling tongue, and complete ignorance of the game.

What is more irritating than all his other ways put together is the condescending praise he occasionally bestows, expressing the opinion that you "will be a golfer yet!"

If there be anything worse than the English boy caddie it is the girl caddie to be found on some courses. To begin with, she causes you to put a most unhealthy restraint on your tongue, a bit which in the case of men of full habits and lively temper may well lead to an apoplectic fit.

Then she has all the boy caddie's faults, including the perpetual cold in the nose, and some special ones of her own. She makes you feel a brute for employing her at all, and she is so above feigning a fatigue she does not feel, with the result that you end by turning caddie.

THE GIRL CADDIE.

You may swear at or even cuff the boy caddie, but either course is out of the question with the girl caddie. You can only "look" at her, or use elaborate sarcasm, and a fat lot she cares for either form of disapproval.

And all the time you feel that with the feminine intuition which even a child possesses she is summing you up, appraising you at your true worth. Her childish eyes see through all your shams, pretences, and affectations, and unerringly finds out your weak spots.

It is a wonder to me that the unemployed—I mean, of course, the genuine unemployed—don't take to caddying. On most links the demand for caddies exceeds the supply, at least on Saturday and Sunday, and men would not find much difficulty in getting regular employment from golfers who play the week through.

The pay is not great—15s. to £1 a week with reasonable luck, and averaging one week with another—but that surely is better than destitution and doles on the Embankment.

M. WINLEY.

POINTS OF TASTE.

Taste and etiquette are very different things. Etiquette can be learnt from books or by watching your fellow-men.

* * *

Taste is what the gentleman in all walks of life possesses, and the bounder does not.

* * *

It is often closely allied to tact.

* * *

In each case consideration for others is usually the keynote.

* * *

The man of taste is never selfish and never makes himself unnecessarily conspicuous. He would not wear a loud check suit, or any garments that make him appear conspicuous but not distinguished.

* * *

I have seen a man stand on the step of a motor-'bus in motion, hanging on to the hand-rail, waiting until it reached the exact point at which he wished to alight, while another would-be passenger ran alongside unable to board the 'bus because the way was blocked.

* * *

There is no rule of etiquette that governs the boarding of 'buses, but it is a small point of taste. If the man was not ready to alight, why did he monopolise the step instead of making way for others?

* * *

If you do a man a good turn, make him as little conscious of the fact as possible, and never remind him of it.

* * *

It is etiquette always to let a lady precede you, but it is a point of taste to get out of a tram, 'bus, or railway carriage first, in order that you may assist her to alight.

* * *

Never chaff a man about his personal appearance, unless he is very sure that you do not mean what you say.

If you have to give a tip, give it in private if possible, and give it cheerfully. The other man's living may depend mainly upon what he gets in tips, and there is no need to make him feel like a robber or a beggar.

* * *

Never comment on a man's clothes unless you know him *very* well. A man who happens to be wearing a new suit does not necessarily want all his acquaintances to admire it.

* * *

Don't copy another man's clothes. You may get ideas from them and admire his taste, and imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery. But however good taste may be manifested in his clothes, it is bad taste on your part to go and be others exactly like them. You are infringing his copyright.

* * *

Don't overdo your hospitality and force a man to eat and drink things he does not want. If you do, you are only doing it for the satisfaction you get out of it; you are not really considering him.

* * *

Don't make deliberate allusion to your wealth if you are talking with someone less well-off. For example, if he says he read something in a halfpenny paper and asks if you saw it, don't reply that you never read halfpenny papers; simply say you didn't happen to notice it.

* * *

Don't go in for a lavish display of jewellery. It is very pretty, and very becoming to a woman, but not to a man. If you have a taste for jewellery, give it to your best girl and admire it on her.

* * *

Don't parade your emotions. Your grief or your joy may be very interesting to you, but they only bore your acquaintances. It is a point of taste to be sympathetic when others talk of their troubles, but to say nothing of your own.

E. R. DAC

A CONVERSATION.

y A. G. STORM.

two friends were on a walking tour. had wandered for the past week through ir land of Sussex, and now, at four k in the afternoon, they were resting on side in the stately park of one of the of England.

green valley lay at their feet. The pposite was crowned with trees, luxuriant ir summer dress. Deer were grazing distance. The sky was cloudless, the turquoise blue. A soft breeze tempered t of the sun. Not another human being, d themselves, was in sight.

y were ordinary-looking men, one the other middle-aged. They lived in ne suburban road at Norbury, travelled same train, worked at offices not a hun- yards apart in the City.

younger one, by name Mr. Jackson, bout thirty, unmarried, and living in ents. He was slight in figure, sandy- and freckled, with dreamy grey eyes ondescript features. He wore a com- le Norfolk suit and substantial brown now thick with dust.

companion, Mr. Munsey, was a er, whose spinster sister looked after use and his only child, a girl who was school. He was rather stout, with a d dark moustache, which gave him a eering expression, belied by the mild- f his eyes. He wore an old Norfolk a pair of shabby grey flannel trousers. straw hat pushed back, allowing the sun t down on his red, sweating forehead. as perfectly contented, lying at full his head supported by an arm, a pipe n his teeth.

t bad," he said, gazing along his nose view.

eat," said Jackson, who sat hugging his looking dreamily into distance. tter than Lombard Street."

e forgotten there is such a place." y knew no more of each other than daily acquaintance had brought out. tour had been arranged after learning ey happened to be taking their holidays same time. They were spending ten ogether. After that, for the remaining of his fortnight, Jackson was going t relatives in the North; Mr. Munsey ed pottering about for a few days in his .

y found they got on very well with ther. Both had started out with secret on this point. Now intimacy was lly breaking through their incrustation erve.

e heard say," observed Jackson ly, "that hills are the thoughts of etty," said Mr. Munsey.

can sort of believe it when I look at

expect He has some decent thoughts d then," conceded Mr. Munsey. ndon isn't much of a credit to Him." at's man-made. Besides, I don't . . . . "

s work as well, perhaps."

u've got to believe it if you admit Him ".

eer how we talk of God," commented .

though we were in His personal con- s."

rhaps we are," said Mr. Munsey com- y.

son looked at him, thoughtfully. you mean parts of Him—little bits in whole—Pantheism?"

THE SEALED BOOK

"Hardly that," answered Mr. Munsey, stirring. "Separate. Sentient atoms. Each with his little bit to do."

"Fore-ordained?"

Mr. Munsey chewed his pipe at the query.

"Hard to say," he said. "There seems a sort of obligation to do one's best—same time as there's the choice of doing the other thing."

"*Is* there a choice?" persisted Jackson, interest supplanting the dreaminess of his eyes.

"I think so."

"I'm doubtful. We debate alternatives, but decision seems to depend on accident. The accidents are the Will in Things, working, in a way we don't understand, towards something we can't see, taking us along with it."

"May be," said Mr. Munsey. He slowly sat up and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I'll tell you what I think," he said. "I think every man's idea is right. I think every religion is right—at the kernel of it, mind you. I think everything is right. It's here—just as it is—so why shouldn't it be. If we fancy it's wrong in places it's because we can't see far enough. Truth, to my mind, is too huge a thing to be grasped by man except in tiny handfuls. There's enough for all, and a lot left over. Everybody picks up a bit. Those with the strength to handle the bigger bits are what we call the great men, or the great women."

"And a child may carry a larger lump than all," said Jackson, with unconscious irony.

"Yes; that's the mystery of it."

"What about suffering? Do you call that right?"

A touch of wistfulness crept into Mr. Munsey's eyes. He felt deliberately for his pouch.

"It does you good," he said.

"Pain. Pains of birth, of illness, of loss. Crying children, disease, brutality. Ugliness, filth, sin."

Mr. Munsey filled his pipe in silence. He did not look at his companion.

"I don't know about the lesser sufferings," he slowly answered. "But I never knew a man, nor a woman either, who wasn't proud to have gone through great suffering. And they alway's say they wouldn't have had it different. Then—it's funny—we soon forget suffering, whereas little pleasures stick in the mind. I remember when my wife was alive . . . . ."

He lit his pipe and resumed unconcernedly.

"She died after her confinement. The first youngster it was. She was bad for a day or two, and we all knew it was a case. In spite of that I thought she'd live. I couldn't quite believe she was going. It seemed unnecessary. I wanted her—and the youngster would want her—and that Death should be in such a hurry for her ——

"Well, she died. . . . And I'm here, pretty satisfied as you see. The girl's all right. We're managing. But mark this. This is what I want to point out. It's the memory of the good times we had together that I think of most. That means something, on the quiet. Then I can see her in the youngster every day. As for what I went through when she died, I can remember it—but it doesn't hurt."

He lay back again and sighed, sighed with lazy ease.

"If I'd been given to snivelling," he said. "I shouldn't be enjoying this."

Jackson hugged his knees tighter, and gazed out across the valley.

"There's courage in submission," he said. "I can see that. But I'm different. I feel empty sometimes. Like a vessel that wants filling up. Thoughts don't satisfy. Nor ambitions. We hanker for something better than we can imagine in our minds. Something we feel we've a right to—that we've even experienced before, but forgotten. A lost reality, far beyond the visionary present. That's what we are, that's our Self. Not the creature who gets up in the morning and goes to the office, and eats and talks, and—yes, goes walking tours.

"It's like that magnificent poet Isaiah put it. I think it goes something like this. . . ."

He half-closed his eyes, an ordinary Englishman in the spell of the valley of vision.

"'It shall even be as when an hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty; or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and he is faint.

"'Stay yourselves, and wonder; cry ye out, and cry; they are drunken, but not with wine; they stagger, but not with strong drink.

"'For the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes.'"

He closed his eyes, rocking gently.

"'And the vision of all'—the vision of all, Munsey; can't you feel it in you that you once *saw*?—'the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot: for it is sealed.'

"And then it goes on——

"'The wisdom of the wise men shall perish, and the understanding of the prudent men shall be hid. Surely their turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay: for shall the work say of him that made it, He made me not? or, He had no understanding? . . . . '"

He opened his eyes.

There was a long silence, broken only by Mr. Munsey's intermittent puffing of smoke. The stillness of the valley was absolute. It might have been that it also had listened and was thinking.

"I knew a fellow once," continued Jackson dreamily, "who told me that when he was about twenty he found out the secret of the Universe. He said the secret was Love. Love made it, Love guided it, Love conceived its destiny.

"He got the idea from personal experience. He had had a miserable, misunderstood childhood. He hated God. He used sometimes, he said, when he was particularly wretched, to go out in the garden in the dark and stand, his face straining up, cursing the Thing up there that tortured him, that allowed things to be as they were, that taunted, and frustrated, and tripped up, and cowed.

"He was sure he would be everlastingly damned for doing it—but he didn't care. His soul stood up white and naked in the night,

torn with wild and fierce despair; and all he wanted was for God to put out his finger and touch him, and say, 'It's all right.'

"And at last when he found he could get no answer, he ceased to believe in God, and he was happier.

"Then love came into his life, and he believed he had got the answer at last. It explained the motive. It told him he could not have loved so well had he not suffered so much before. It filled him with the desire to love all—and that, he thought, was what God did. It made life beautiful, the earth beautiful, men and women and children beautiful.

"That was what he said of himself at twenty. The ecstasy burned like white fire in him for three years. Then it went out. The girl died.

"You might have thought he would accuse the Thing up there of having fooled him again. But he didn't. He didn't curse God again. God was too holy. He had seen behind the veil for a while—and the veil had fallen. It was enough.

"He looked about, and men and women did not appear so beautiful as before, and he knew there were many whom it was beyond his power to love. But he saw that in the heart of them all there was a little love for something outside itself, and none were altogether unloved or unloving.

"So he came to understand that after all men were made in the image of God, but that they were very much smaller. And it helped him to go on with the dull, uneventful round, thinking himself nobody in particular, but strangely glad when he saw people kind to each other."

A silence.

Mr. Munsey lazily got to his feet. Mr. Jackson did likewise, stretching himself.

"I was that fellow," he said.

Mr. Munsey nodded.

"What say to hunting up somewhere where we can have tea?" he said.

"STROLLING" LONG DISTANCES.

The average walking race is rather a sorry spectacle if it is decided over a long distance. The men are so deplorably done up at the finish, chests working like bellows, legs tottering, and bloodshot eyes protruding, that one is apt to wonder whether long-distance walking races should be allowed.

But a "stroll" is a different affair altogether. Taken in easy stages, a walk, say, from London to Brighton, the course so much favoured by Stock Exchange "strollers," is a delightful experience.

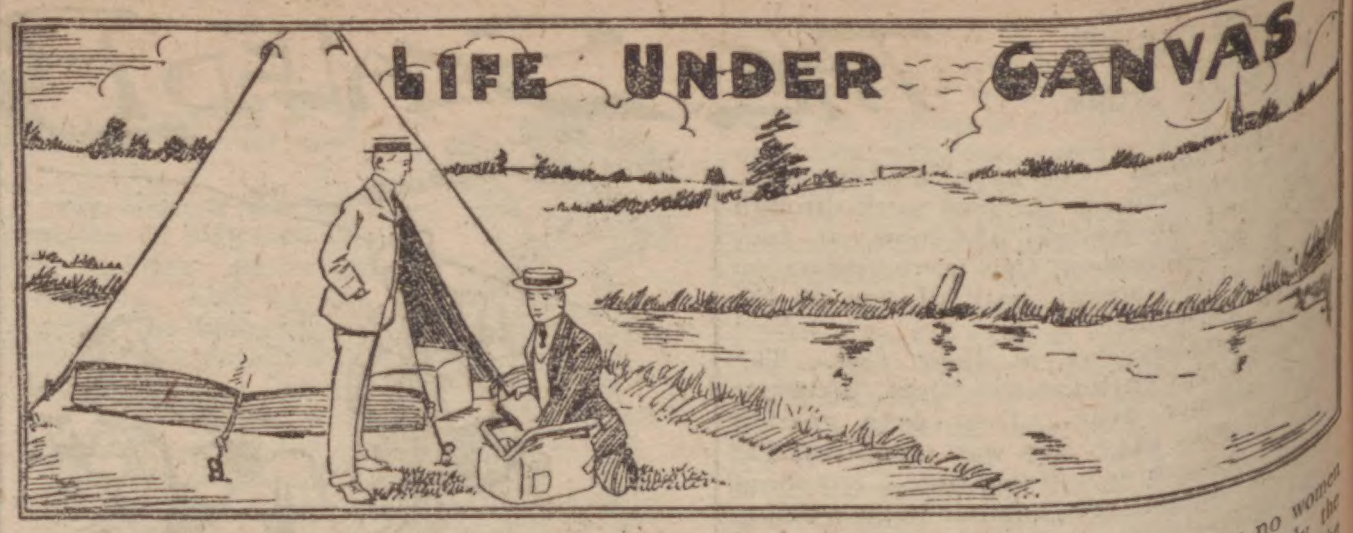
And for a cheap week-end for a party of men who work in the same office such a stroll offers unbeatable attractions.

Starting at about nine or so in the morning with a good supply of sandwiches, and so on, you should have covered thirty miles or more easily by nightfall. Turn in at a little inexpensive inn, and finish the journey next day. Then go home by train, and you will have spent a week-end that you will talk about for many weeks to come.

IF YOUR HORSE RUNS AWAY.

When a horse, ridden by a man who has not long taken up the sport, runs away, the rider is often at a loss how to act. Here is the best thing to do. Gather up the reins short in the left hand, so that the latter is pressed against the horse's mane. Pass the right hand down the right rein until this rein is grasped a few inches from the bit. Then, taking care that the horse does not cunningly snatch the rein out of your hand, pull the bit round towards the right knee as hard as you can.

When the animal's head is turned in this way, he cannot possibly gallop.



WHY IT IS ALWAYS A DELIGHT.

No sort of life brings out a man's animal spirits and makes him realise his manliness to the full as life under canvas.

It sounds paradoxical, perhaps, but the chief joy and chief source of pleasure in this sort of life is not that small part of it which is spent actually "under canvas," but the large, freer part of it which is spent under the sky.

No man is really a lover of comfort for comfort's sake. He may be lulled into a flabby sense of idleness and sloth, and become lost to all sense of the joy of the open, but even in such men there is always a latent power of adaptability to unusual circumstances, and no set of circumstances is so unusual as those one must live amid when under canvas.

THE CHARM OF THE UNCONVENTIONAL.

A man sighs to throw off conventions of the town, and, perhaps, slips away to a farm or a seaside pleasure haunt in the hope of achieving this end, but in reality convention follows him even there. His prime wants are provided for him.

In tent life, however, the great point is that a man must provide for himself. And even though in the process he gradually gets into what I have heard campers call "a devil of a muddle," he nevertheless finds considerable joy in the process.

He is up against the elemental forces of nature. He must seek food, prepare it, get shelter, fight the weather, and live in everything solely by his own efforts.

He begins to be an original man, a native, a savage, a first-hand fighter. His views of what life is get corrected, and he begins to find that hell or heaven are, in reality, things of his own making.

When he pitches his tent he has a direct interest in getting the better of natural forces. In his town house he turns the key and is sheltered from all weather. But the castle has been built for him. In the tent, on the other hand, he needs to take into consideration all things that the builder has done for him elsewhere. As he makes his tent bed so he must lie on it, and his interest grows.

A LIFE UNAIDED.

He chooses the site with all the scraps of experience as to the ways of sun, wind, and rain that he knows.

Hunger comes as another problem which cannot be shirked by a visit to a restaurant or an order to a servant.

True, he may scramble through tent life in a shiftless, uncomfortable fashion, but he is at least dependent on himself, and the knowledge that he can live unaided by any human helpers bucks him up and gives him a good conceit of himself, which is a very good thing to have.

In time he accumulates a deal of rubbish round about his heath or riverside dwelling, but even the unsightliness of his temporary dust-bin becomes a sort of certificate that he has won out and made good.

His efforts in cookery may not pass muster in the eyes of a woman, but he has no women about him here in the spot where only hedges and fields put on finery. And the open life gives him an appetite and a digestion that are equal to still less successful efforts with the stew-pan than his own.

A TONIC FOR MIND AND BODY.

But the greatest pleasure of all that is to be won only by tent life is one that does not concern tangible things. It is found in the revolution that takes place in his own mind and feelings.

An indescribable springiness gets into his limbs and tones up his muscles, his mind is cleared of cobwebs. Either he is wide awake and living fully or else he is deep in sleep. There is no half-way slackness and drowsiness between the two states.

He is indeed the giant refreshed—with wine of the open air. So many things that seemed necessary in the town house seem quite the reverse out in the corner of the deep field.

The limits imposed by time on his town life are non-existent here. Any hour of the day or night he is at his own disposal, and can do as he wills without let or hindrance.

To know such a state even for two weeks in a year is a precious experience not only for its own unmatched pleasantness, but for the sane independent outlook it gives a man when he goes back to work and when the chains of necessity sometimes seem to fit his ankles and wrists so very closely.

C. EASTON-GREY.

CRICKET NET PRACTICE.

Many cricketers spoil themselves at net practice. They say "Oh, it's only practice," and attempt strokes they would never try in a match.

Others again look upon the net as an excuse for slogging, and keep on asking the bowlers to send them down "one to hit."

To be of any value net practice should be taken seriously, every stroke being played as carefully as in a match.

Then you should not go to the net to practise your best strokes, but your weak ones.

If, say, you don't like balls on your legs, ask the bowlers to keep pegging them on your pads. Thus you will gain confidence, and the once dreaded ball on the leg will be promptly hooked to the square-leg boundary or glanced past the wicket-keeper.

Bowlers, too, should bowl as carefully as they would in a match.

A common mistake is to neglect the no-ball rule, I mean as regards one foot behind the bowling-crease. If there is no bowling-crease on the practice ground you can at least take care to keep one foot behind the wicket. Otherwise you are likely to acquire the no-ball habit, and find it very difficult to get rid of.

The worst mistake of all is to practise bowling on a pitch that is a yard or so too short or too long, yet it is constantly done by club and park cricketers.

NOSEY PARKER

A SKETCH.

very Sunday morning n the weather is at all ent my wife and I take ountry walk.

his confession may shock ultra-devout reader, but ould ask him to remem- that we are hard-working , and perhaps our Sab- ramble does us as much al, mental, and physical d as sitting in a stuffy ch. However, the point at it was during a recent ath excursion that we met Nosey Parker. rose out of a ditch as we crossed a field, he—"it," perhaps, would better describe was a dog. At least, he resembled a dog than any other living creature, but what of a dog will never be known. Like that r. Jeames Yellowplush, Nosey Parker's is "wropt in mystery," but he is, we ne, a cross between a Newfoundland a fox-terrier.

size, he is the bulk of a small retriever, oat is long and more or less white, e has a big head with the long narrow of a well-bred fox-terrier, for which n when we came to know him better we ened him Nosey Parker.

en we first met him, however, he might been any colour under his encrusted He appeared to have been sleeping in itch from which he arose to greet us for hs; he was the dirtiest dog I ever saw, is coat was so clotted with dirt that he red to have a hide like a rhinoceros.

welcomed my wife as a long-lost sister. umped up upon her. I caught him a kick in the ribs, and immediately met e. No, not from Nosey Parker, who my kick, as he has taken subsequent be- rings, with resignation, not to say indif- ce, but from my wife.

turned upon me with flashing eyes and nced me as a "brute." "But he'll your dress," I protested. My wife was ylike enough to "bother" her dress, he took the nondescript's filthy head in ands and kissed him.

continued our walk in silence, for I was t being called a brute. The hound gam- around us until at last we came to the rtable inn which, I fear, was not the object of our walk.

sey Parker, bushy tail in air, preceded o the inn. The landlord cocked his eye m, but evidently thinking he belonged said nothing, and despite my protests famous hound shared our lunch.

was beginning to get on my nerves, conceived a means of getting rid of I declared that I was tired, and in- that we should return by train, and to think I was a diplomat.

sey Parker escorted us to the station, up the steps and lay down on the plat-

train came in, and I opened the car- door. Immediately a muddy cyclone d past me, nearly knocking me under ain, and Nosey Parker took his seat with ignity of a new Member of Parliament. iving at our station, he leapt out, tore he ticket-collector, and out of the station. lked goodness that we had probably seen st of him, but when we got outside, after ted argument with the collector, who d a dog-ticket, there was Nosey Parker, ling like a rubber company, and wishful s us both.

I assailed him with words and stones, but my wife interfered: "We want a dog, Billy, let's adopt him," she said. "What's the good," I said weakly. "he probably belongs to some one about here, and we'll only have to give him up." I felt this was an obvious pretence, for I could not then conceive anybody voluntarily admitting to the ownership of Nosey Parker.

My wife swept the objection aside, and Nosey Parker accompanied us home, attempting from time to time to force his disgusting caresses upon me.

Lily, our excellent "general," opened the door. Lily, bright and fresh, in black, and spotless cap and bands. Nosey Parker put his paws on Lily's chest, and Lily sat down with a bump that fairly shook our maisonette. Nosey Parker apologised by licking Lily's face, a kindly action which threw her into violent hysterics, and then bounded over her into our dining-cum-drawing-cum-smoking room, seized the joint from the already-laid supper table, and sat down on the sofa to enjoy himself.

I took a stick and dealt with Nosey Parker until arrested by my wife. "You're a cruel brute, Billy," she said, "I should never have thought it of you. You have shown me a new side of your character to-day, a side I don't like."

"Cruel!" I cried aghast, "with four pounds of the best topside in Harrow ruined—cruel!—Look here," I continued, "I agreed to bringing this animated doormat home, but I'm not going to have him in the house. I'm going to chain him up. And meanwhile, young woman, as my temper is pretty much on the raw, you had better go and sit in the bedroom until I feel less like killing somebody."

My wife haughtily left the room, and I lugged Nosey Parker out to the backyard and tied him up. Scarce had I closed the kitchen door than he began to sing. Nosey Parker's top-notes are as powerful as Caruso's, but they have hardly the same quality.

A few minutes of Nosey Parker's minstrelsy convinced me that we should have to move if he were to continue to occupy our backyard. But that four-legged dust-cart in the house was intolerable. The obvious solution flashed upon me—Nosey Parker must have a bath, and a thorough one.

"Have you got any disinfectant soap?" I asked of the now partially-recovered Lily.

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, "we've got Lux, and Sapolio, and Sunlight, and Brown Windsor." "Give me them all," I said firmly, "and heat up the fire."

Nosey Parker, as I have told you, has a Newfoundland strain in him, but he displayed a marked aversion to water. There was an unseemly struggle in the bath-room until at last I got a good grip of his coat and dumped him in.

Instantly the water rose geyser-like to the ceiling, and for some moments I was uncertain whether it was Nosey Parker or I that was having the bath.

Once fairly in, however, he seemed rather to like it. I scrubbed him with Lux and Sapolio and Sunlight and Brown Windsor, and I gave him five baths in all, till the last layer came off, and he was revealed in his pristine white.

When I saw the water, in which he had his number two bath, I thought I knew what blackness that could be felt was like.

Then I stood him in front of the kitchen fire to dry, and called to my wife to come and see her dog. She came thinking that I had done him some mischief, but when she saw him, she fell upon him, and behaved like a mad thing.

Nosey Parker is a fine watch-dog. The other morning I was just letting him off the chain when a tramp came down the passage. I don't think the tramp was after any mischief, but Nosey Parker did not stop to inquire. He was feeling bright and brisk, and he bounded gaily over the fence, and for the next ten minutes or so he kept going out and returning with bits of tramp and trouser which he proudly laid at my feet. It is possible that one day Nosey Parker's original owner will turn up and claim his property, but he will take Nosey Parker from wife, Lily, and me only over our dead bodies.

NORMAN FRASER.

CUTTING DOWN EXES.

There comes a time in the career of every man when something wakes him up to the fact that he ought to "retrench" on his expenditure, and save money. This "something" is generally a girl, by the way. And save he does; but, despite his excellent intentions and enthusiasm, he secretly admits that the process irks him. This is because he does not cut down his "exes" in the right way.

He probably cuts off smoking altogether. Error. Buy a cheaper tobacco; and save the difference. Wear your suits a little longer; and save over your clothes. Cut down your billiards, but do not entirely give it up. Affect a cheaper restaurant than heretofore. That is the way to save money.

WHAT A RIFLE BULLET CAN DO.

It takes five feet of solid clay to stop a bullet fired from the Lee-Enfield Service rifle at thirty yards range.

On the other hand, though perhaps you wouldn't think it, one foot of chalk, freshly excavated, is sufficient protection from the messenger of death.

A young soldier, given his choice between taking cover behind a bank of earth rammed tight and a mound of loose earth, would probably choose the former, but he would be wrong. The tighter earth is rammed the less becomes its resisting power, and a bullet will go through four or five feet of packed earth, whereas a yard of loose earth is an effectual safeguard to the man behind it.

Shingle makes a fine breastwork, for six inches of it will stop a bullet, but there is the danger of splinters.

Wood is not much of a defence. Anyway, a bullet will go through nearly four feet of soft wood, such as fir, while even in the case of oak you want rather more than two feet of it between you and the enemy if you are to feel comfortable. Of course this applies to close ranges, for at five hundred yards fifteen inches of oak are good enough.

Brickwork is pretty useful, nine inches of it forming an effective defence.

Sand, in the form of sandbags, is much used for making loopholes and head-cover. Two and a half feet of it will stop a bullet at any range.

In the case of "sapping" or running a zig-zag trench up to an enemy's fortifications, the men often shelter behind steel plates. Half an inch of ordinary mild steel will stop a bullet, while one-fifth of an inch of special hard steel is a sure defence.

In case of emergency all sorts of materials are used for making parapets. For example, at Rorke's Drift biscuit tins and bags of flour were used to build the parapet against which the hungry Zulu hordes hurled themselves in vain. I do not know the penetration of a bullet into flour, but should invasion ever come we shall be able to construct pretty useful defences out of coal, for two and a half feet of coal is bullet proof.

How to Play Croquet well

A GAME IN WHICH TACTICS ARE ALL-IMPORTANT.

Please, esteemed reader, if you are not a croquet player, do not scoff at it as a namby-pamby game fit only for giggling girls and dove-eyed curates.

Certainly croquet is not a violent exercise, but no more is billiards. Billiards, however, is a man's game, calling for brain, judgment, finesse, "touch," skill, patience and dogged perseverance, and croquet is a man's game—properly played. It demands practically the same gifts and qualities as billiards.

The man who cannot play croquet jeers at it; but take croquet seriously and you will find it a fine and fascinating game.

Croquet is now in full swing. Apart from private lawns, most seaside and holiday resorts have public croquet grounds, and a man may often find himself inveigled into a game.

CROQUET AND BILLIARDS.

Knowing nothing about it, he enters upon it full of condescension. Perhaps he is a bit of a games-player, he thinks that his good "eye" and "hand" will pull him through, and he meets with a rude awakening. He finds that mere ability to make a shot counts for as little as it does at billiards. Pitted against a skilled player, he finds himself hopelessly out-manœuvred, and he is made to look and feel a perfect fool.

Real croquet is quite as much a matter of tactics, playing for position and building up breaks, as high-class billiards, and like that game first-class croquet is highly scientific and is founded on certain well thought out principles.

The first principle is to keep your balls together and to separate your adversaries'.

How obvious and simple it sounds, yet how difficult it is to achieve in practice, assuming that the other fellows are at the same game.

UNSELFISHNESS ALL-IMPORTANT.

It is most essential at croquet to think of your partner, but this is just what the beginner fails to do.

He tries, so to speak, to win the game off his own mallet, and neither makes use of his partner, nor tries to help him.

With the last shot of a turn you should try to place yourself near your partner. Of course, there is no sense in doing that if the next player is near your partner. In such a case you must either play for safety or go all for a roquet on the next player, when, if you make it, you can croquet him to blazes.

The next principle is to keep the "dead ball" in your game. The "dead ball" is that of the player who precedes you, *e.g.*, if you are second player, then first player's ball is "dead ball" because three turns must elapse before he can play again, and during that time he is harmless.

KEEP YOUR OPPONENT IN FRONT.

When you finish your turn, you should send the dead ball to your partner so that he will have it to "play with" when his turn comes, and yourself go to your partner's hoop. Alternatively, it is equally good play to send the dead ball to your partner's hoop and to place your own ball near your partner's.

Remember that it is no good playing close up to your partner if the next player is within easy striking distance.

In that case, the game is to put your ball where it will be difficult for the next player to hit it and bring it into his game.

Three balls are better than two as a help to making a break—an obvious but still much neglected principle. A skilful player when finishing a break will contrive to have his own and his partner's balls or his own and the dead ball safely "wired" from the next player. That is he gets a hoop between the two balls and the next player so that he cannot hit them, with the result that he has only one ball to play at.

MAKING A BREAK.

"Wiring" calls for great delicacy of touch and aim, but it is an ideal worth striving for.

Don't, however, be so clever as to "wire" the next player from all the other balls, for in that case he has the right to play from baulk.

When you are in difficulties and can only begin or continue a break by "bringing off" a risky or hard shot, don't attempt it, but place yourself where you will be of most use to your partner when his turn comes.

This calls for self-effacement, and the average man likes to try to bring off a brilliant shot, but if you are going to win at croquet you must play for your side and not for yourself.

A sound principle at billiards is always to try to keep the other two balls in front of you and the same applies at croquet.

A novice with an open hoop just in front of him and a ball just behind him will generally shoot the hoop. That is bad play, for, most likely, having shot the hoop he will be wired from the ball behind and have nothing to go for.

HOW TO HIT THE BALL.

The correct play in such a case is to play on the ball first, sending it forward so that it can be used again when the hoop has been shot.

Ten yards is about the limit within which you can reasonably expect to make a shot. To attempt to make shots of over ten yards is generally worse than useless, except in absolutely desperate cases.

Always take two hands to a stroke.

In aiming look first at the object ball—*i.e.*, the one you want to hit—and then from it to your own ball until you have got the "line." Then just before striking take a final glance at the object ball, and then concentrate your attention on your own ball.

To be looking at the object ball when you strike is fatal.

It is bad to hurry over a stroke, but it is equally bad to linger over it, for the eye quickly becomes fatigued. Remember, it is mainly tactics and playing for position that tell at croquet.

C. WESTROPP.

SEASIDE DIGGINGS.

POINTS TO REMEMBER WHEN YOU CHOOSING THEM.

At this season of the year every train brings holiday makers down to the sea contains a number of men who, on arri at their destination, will deposit their lugg in the cloak-room, and start off on the some duty of gazing at the windows houses for "Apartments to Let" cards.

This happy-go-lucky method of choo seaside diggings is only too common amo men; and it undoubtedly is the cause o great number of spoiled holidays. Thoug may not strike you in that light at t suitable and comfortable lodgings hav great deal to do with the success of y summer respite from work. But as wisdom the selection of diggings is not the birthr of every man, here are some hints, from old campaigner, which may tend to smooth careworn brow of more than one hard lodging-hunter.

If possible, go to lodgings to which have been before or which have been rec mended to you by a friend; but in the season it is not always possible to do t Failing such an arrangement, the best th to do is to run down beforehand, by so cheap week-end excursion, to the town you have decided upon, and put in afternoon selecting rooms.

Many men—in fact the great majority—a apt to let the thought that they are going spend most of their time out make the careless in the matter of indoor comfor But anyone who has endured the misery drenching wet days spent in uncomfortab diggings, gazing out on a deserted parad will understand the foolishness of such argument.

One "combined room" will probably s fice for your needs, but see that it is ligh and cheerful, and that it possesses an eas chair that is really easy. If you have reason to suspect that the drainage is defec tive, don't take the room.

Next give a critical eye to the bed-lin towels, and so forth. In seaside diggings these are frequently a source of much di comfort. The pillows are so small that the look like pin-cushions, off which your slu brous head will roll at night with irritati persistency. The sheets are probably narrow for the bed, so that they will n "tuck in"; and if you pull them up over y shoulders, you are pretty sure to leave yo feet uncovered. Though, perhaps, you do mind this much, there is no reason why you should put up with it; so insist on the pillo and sheets being of sufficient size.

See, too, that the towels are big enough There is nothing more irritating than to t to give yourself a good rub down after exer cise with a flimsy towel no bigger than you "best girl's" handkerchief.

Next take into consideration the personali of the landlady. Make it quite clear before engaging rooms that she is not to complain however late at night, or early in the morning you may come in. And you will be well ad vised in choosing a landlady who has no chil dren. If you don't observe this precaution you will find your jam or any other edibles of a sugary nature dwindle like snow under a blazing sun; and such things as vesta-case dumb-bells, and so forth will disappear, to be returned damaged in some way with the apology that "that naughty little Tommy o mine took 'em."

Finally, don't choose lodgings too near the "front." These are always more expensive and never quiet. Besides, not many of us object to a walk of a quarter of a mile or so to get to the sea.

E. L. CARTER.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MAKING OF A MAN

By R. D. CROMBIE.

When a certain tribal chief in the mountainous district of Afghristan swooped down on the hill-station and ran off with the colonel's wife, the colonel did not wait instructions from headquarters, but gathered the strongest force locally available, and set out post haste to fetch her back. This it was that gave rise to the regrettable incident at Ostarga, when the British Empire lost half a hundred or so of her native infantry, plus a handful of home regulars, not to speak of their impetuous commander, who ought to have known better.

For though right should be might all the world over, there are a few remote corners in India where the truism has not penetrated, and accordingly only a remnant returned to tell the tale. To these headquarters dealt out rigorous punishment for their damnable initiative, and for being only enough to survive, obeying the principle that failure is sin, and only success to be accounted righteousness.

A fortnight or so afterwards the news filtered through to the English newspapers, but as just then their columns were mainly occupied with a society divorce suit of attractive lubricity, and the latest feat of a flying Frenchman, they could only spare the occurrence a four-inch space, and the matter finished with a notification from the War Office to the bereaved homesteads that so-and-so had been killed in action, gloriously fulfilling his duty to his country.

In the Pottery town of Burslem a father and mother mourned their son, and a brother his only brother. But pride is a wonderful soother of grief, and the Santalls were proud, very proud, of Stephen.

Particularly his parents. He had been a constant trouble to them in the past, and this their compensation. After a turbulent childhood and a rebellious youthhood, Stephen had imperilled the family honour in a way common as it is contemptible, and retrieved the situation to all but the girl's satisfaction by running away and enlisting.

Repentance ensuing, he had besought them to buy him out, but here his brother Robert intervened.

Robert was quieter, plainer, and until this time, though older than Stephen, his inferior.

There is always an inferior where two brothers are concerned. But Robert had a will, and—stronger argument than all—he held control of the family purse.

He had supported his parents as well as himself for the preceding two years by the money he made at his chemist's shop, incidentally helping Stephen out of many a scrape: and they lived with him and were dependent on him.

Robert wrote to Stephen and declined to help, and received in reply a letter which he never forgot. Only a brother can wound a man in parts which others are invulnerable. Robert tore the letter with white lips and blazing eyes.

But this did not prevent him from arranging privately the payment of a certain sum per week and the girl never knew it was not Stephen who authorised it.

But Stephen had been killed in action, and all things were forgiven.

His parents talked often of him, and Robert listened. He put in a word occasionally, for his side was no less than theirs, though sometimes it was tinctured by the bitter reflection that even in death Stephen claimed priority of affection.

Then Stephen came home.

He arrived late one night, a good hour after the people usually went to bed.

Robert heard the furtive tap on the outer door. He was sitting in the little room behind the shop reading. The time was half-past eleven.

He did not immediately rise, for customers had a habit of disturbing him for no more important errand than a postage stamp, and he did not encourage the practice.

But the knock was repeated, and he laid down the book and went to answer it.

There were two bolts to slide and a key to turn, and all the while he felt a strange unwillingness within, intermingled with an unaccountable tremor.

At first, in the dark, he failed to recognise who it was, and demanded sharply, "Well, what is it?"

"Me," came the reply in a whisper. "I've come back. Oh Robert!"

And in a loud voice Robert cried "Stephen!"

"Ssh-h, you fool!" followed instantly, so that wonder froze on his lips. "Who's in?"

"The old folks. In bed. Great heaven, Stephen!"

"Shut up." The command was hissed. "I'm coming in. But be quiet! Steady with that bolt, you clumsy fool. You'll wake them."

He stole through the shop into the room, and made to sit down, but thought better of it, and turned to face his brother. He was in rags, a palpable tramp, with a stubbly beard and shifty eyes.

"Take a good look," he said, sneeringly. "Should you know me?"

"I should know you in ten thousand."

"From my appearance, damn you—from my appearance?"

"No," said Robert after a pause, and quietly, significantly, he crossed the room to the door at the foot of the stairs and made sure it was shut.

"That's all right," said Stephen on a sigh of relief, and he sat down.

Robert took a chair opposite to him and watched him in silence. A cold composure had taken the place of his former agitation; he did not know why.

"So you weren't killed," he stated at length.

"Killed? Me? When?"

"In the action at Ostarga."

"I have never been to Ostarga in my life."

"You were in Colonel ——'s regiment, weren't you?"

"I might have been." The admission was sullen.

"You were returned among the casualties—I suppose you know that?"

Stephen's glance shifted from his.

"When did you leave the army?" inquired Robert patiently.

"Look here," replied Stephen with subdued fury. "I didn't come here to be bullied by you."

"I'm not bullying you."

"Cross-examined, then."

"I am only asking the obvious questions."

"Bah! You were always soft-spoken—and in the right—and always so infernally safe."

"Aren't you safe?" inquired Robert, unmoved.

"What d'ye mean?"

"What I say."

"I'm as safe as you are. Curse you! don't look at me as though I were an animal."

"I wasn't. You're imagining it."

A silence.

"Why not tell me everything?" inquired Robert patiently.

"There's nothing to tell."

"What's brought you to this plight?"

"I refuse to say. I've come for money—you won't want any telling about that."

"I don't. But you won't get it by adopting this tone."

"Oh yes, I shall," sneered Stephen.

"Well, you're entitled to your own opinion."

"What about them upstairs? What'll it mean to them seeing me like this?"

"I don't see how they're to help knowing."

"Bah! it would kill them. Especially if they knew all."

Robert stirred in his seat. He had tried to keep contempt out of his voice, but now it escaped him.

"Stephen," he said, "you've come home a blackguard."

"Yes—a worse one than you know."

"I doubt it."

"What if I deserted?"

Robert started as if flicked with a whip.

"Before action?"

"No, no!" said Stephen hurriedly.

"By God, you did! I see it in your lying face."

"It's a lie."

"It's God's truth. Ostarga! You funked Ostarga." As though a voice had shouted it from above, Robert was sure.

But Stephen continued to deny.

"I left the station the day before. I'd had enough. I——"

"You dog!" said his brother.

Rage contorted Stephen's gaze. A carving-knife lay among the supper things on the table. He shot out his hand and seized it.

Robert did not flinch.

"Murder as well," he said. "Well, I expect that's how you'll finish."

"You think I daren't," hissed Stephen, leaning forward.

"I almost wish you would," said Robert. "Yes, I almost wish you would."

And he turned to the table and laid his head on his arm. He had loved his brother in spite of all, and to be able to be proud of him had meant much.

Stephen slowly laid the knife down.

"Oh my God, what I've come to," he said.

Robert sat up again wearily. There were no tears in his eyes, but his features were sharpened as though grief had thinned him.

"Cowardice is a horrible thing, Steve," he said.

"It is, it is," said Steve, rocking to and fro over his folded arms, his head lowered.

"You were never caught?"

"No."

"Are they after you."

"Everybody thinks I'm dead."

"But they'd know different if you came back here to live."

"I know that."

"What did you intend to do?"

"I don't know. Tramp. I'm done. There's no place for me. Nowhere. Just live on, I suppose, and die at last in a ditch. The proper end."

"Steve!"

Stephen looked up.

"You're not thirty yet. It's a good age, old man."

The voice was kindly, the expression in Robert's eyes not what it had been.

Stephen shook his head.

"For you," he said. "But not for me."

"For you, too, why not?"

"Look at me!"

"I am looking."

"And," added Stephen with a shamed smile, "I had intended saying *you* were responsible if you wouldn't give me what I wanted. That would have been more cowardice, wouldn't it?"

"Well you didn't say it, so let it pass. Perhaps it was partly my doing. You were weak, Steve. I ought to have put it down to that—not worse things."

"Always weak," said Stephen, bowing his head again.

"There is strength in every man, Steve."

"Not in me."

"In you." Robert, snatching at a straw, was making a desperate fight for his brother's future.

"D'you mean that?" asked Stephen, gazing at him with hungry eyes.

"In every man somewhere," repeated Robert firmly.

"But a coward?"

"Aren't we all cowards now and then?"

"You aren't."

"I am," contradicted Robert cheerfully.

"About what?"

Robert jerked his head ceilingwards.

"About the old folks?" said Stephen, wonderingly.

"Yes. I want them to finish their course—happily."

"Happily?"

"Believing in me—and you, Steve."

"Do they believe in me?"

"They're proud of you," said Robert quietly. "You know why. . . . We can stop them being anything else, if we put our heads together."

A silence. Robert wore an encouraging smile.

"You mean," said Stephen, "I can help?"

"Yes."

"'e of use—me? My God, if I could believe that, there would be something to live for."

"Life's a bit worthless without," agreed Robert.

"But how?"

"Don't misunderstand—by remaining dead."

"Ah!" Stephen was staring with all his eyes. "Robert," he said at length, "you've got plenty of the right stuff in that shop of yours."

"Steve!" exclaimed Robert sharply. "Not that way."

"It's the best and quickest."

"It's the wrong."

"The Japs commit suicide when convicted of cowardice. I can do the same."

"It's a damned sight braver to live."

"Disappear?"

"Clear out. Change your name. Change with it as much of your old character as you've proved you don't want. Now, Steve."

"By gad, Robert," said his brother, "You know how to put pluck into a chap."

But a relapse followed.

"I've tramped this world," he said, "tramped it—and it's a place without friends, without——"

"You've been skulking through it," interrupted Robert with indomitable cheerfulness. "Try the other way—your chest out, a smile on your phiz."

"A deserter," Steve reminded him bitterly. "If I went about shaven and decent-looking I should be known. I've already knocked up against two men who could have sold me."

"There's always risks, but the wise man minimises them as much as he can. South America's the place for you. Montevideo, Chili, Peru. Anywhere there. It's the universal recruiting ground. As for coming back to this quarter. Lord, Steve, you were mad."

"I was desperate."

"You must get out—and to-night."

"I was as near the finish as a man can be."

"And now."

Robert stood up, and placed both his hands on his brother's shoulders, smiling down at him.

"Now—perhaps it means another start."

"Only perhaps."

"No. Robert . . . "

He struggled to his feet.

"It's the new life," he said strongly. "The manly life. God helping me I'll turn it to good purpose."

"I think you will," said Robert.

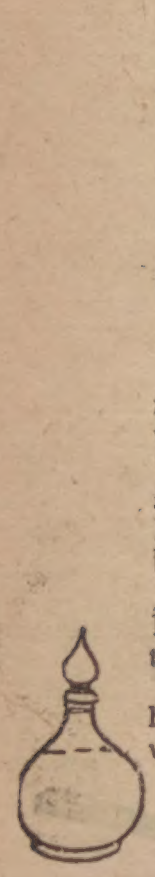
He had won.

Talking in hushed tones they made arrangements. There was the chink of money, further whispering, and the long grip of a pair of hands.

Stephen paused at the door, taking a last look at the room he would probably never see again. His lips moved. Perhaps he was saying good-bye to those who slept above.

The bolts were softly slid, the key turned. Robert returned to the room and stood awhile in thought.

Then, silently, unexpectedly, he went down on his knees, humbled in spirit at the opportunity which had been his to use—and not wasted.



THE CHIEF RULES OF WRESTLING

HOW THE VARIOUS STYLES DIFFER.

The governing body of amateur wrestling is the National Amateur Wrestling Association, of which the Earl of Lonsdale is president.

The Association's definition of an amateur is as follows: "An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize or monetary consideration, or for any declared wager or staked bet; who has never engaged in or taught any athletic exercise as a means of pecuniary gain; and who has never taken part in any competition with anyone who is not an amateur."

To this rule there are certain necessary exemptions. For example, an amateur wrestler does not lose his amateur status by competing with or against cricket or football professionals, provided such competitions or matches are not part of an athletic meeting.

Then competitions between Territorials and Regulars are not to be considered as coming within the scope of the N.A.W.A. rules.

Amateur wrestlers are forbidden to ask for or receive expenses in any shape or form, except in the case of N.A.W.A. championship meetings or genuine Inter-Club, Inter-School, &c., competitions.

In the case of prizes, cheques on tradesmen or similar value prizes are not allowed.

At every open-wrestling competition competitors must be fully clothed from neck to knees, and must wear trunks above their wrestling tights. The wearing of sweaters is not allowed.

The mat must be at least 16ft. square.

A competitor may not wrestle in a class outside his weight.

THE CORRECT WEIGHTS.

The correct classes and weights are as follows:

Cumberland and Westmoreland Style: Feather, 9½st.; light, 10½st.; middle, 11½st; heavy, any weight.

Catch-as-Catch-Can style: Bantam, 8½st.; feather, 9½st.; light, 10½st.; middle, 11½st.; heavy, any weight.

For Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling the following are the principal rules as laid down by the N.A.W.A.:

1. Every fall shall be decided by two judges and a referee, who shall be appealed to if the judges disagree. The decision of the referee shall be final, and, further, he shall be empowered to decide any point not provided for in these rules.

2. On taking hold, the wrestlers stand up chest to chest, each placing his chin on his opponent's right shoulder and grasping him round the body, and each placing his left arm above the right of his opponent.

3. That five minutes be allowed in which to take hold, and in the event of the hold not being obtained, the judge shall compel the contestants to take hold across his (the judge's) back, the wrestler refusing to take hold to be disqualified.

THE REFEREE'S DUTIES.

4. When both men have got hold, and are fairly on their guard, the judge shall cry "Hold," and play commences, and, with the exception of kicking, the wrestlers are allowed to use every legitimate means to throw each other. To strike with the side of the foot shall not be deemed kicking.

5. If either party break his hold—that is, loose his grip, though not on the ground, and the other still retains his hold, the one so leaving loose shall be the loser.

6. If either man touch the ground with one knee only, or any other part of his body, though he may still retain his hold, he shall not be allowed to recover himself, but shall be deemed the loser.

7. If both fall to the ground, the man who is first down, or falls under the other, shall be the loser; but if they fall side by side, or otherwise, so that the umpires cannot decide which was first on the ground, it shall be termed a "dog fall," and shall be wrestled over again.

Stockinged feet are the rule, though a wrestler may wear rubber-soled shoes, provided his opponent does not object. The referee shall disqualify any competitor using unfair means after one caution.

In regard to the Lancashire or Catch-as-Catch-Can Style, there must be at least two, but preferably four, judges and a referee.

"The wrestlers," say the rules, "shall take hold how and where they please, subject to the following restrictions: The hair, flesh, ears, private parts, or clothes may not be seized, the twisting of fingers and thumbs is forbidden, nor may such a hold be obtained that the fear of breakage or dislocation of a limb shall induce the wrestler to give the fall.

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN.

"It shall be unlawful to butt or to kick, striking with the side of the foot shall not be deemed kicking.

"The following clips are barred: The double Nelson, the arm or foot up the back with the hand on, the hammerlock, the strangle, the flying mare, strangle, the scissors, the hang, the flying mare with the palm uppermost, and the foot twist."

Two shoulders on the ground at the same time constitute a fall, and if a fall is not obtained within fifteen minutes, a decision is given on points.

The wrestler's finger-nails must be well trimmed.

In bouts under Cornwall and Devon rules there must be three judges, from whose decision there is no appeal.

The wrestlers shall shake hands, let go, and catch-as-catch-can by the jackets, each party taking any hold he sees fit, barring the cross collar hold or both collars in one hand.

A man is thrown when he has two shoulders and one hip, two hips and one shoulder, or both shoulders and both hips—this is agreed upon beforehand—simultaneously on the ground.

If one, or both, men come to the ground a fall is scored, they rise and start again.

It is a foul to drop on one knee to escape being thrown, while if a wrestler's jacket comes off the bout must be started afresh.

GRÆCO-ROMAN RULES.

Finally, for Græco-Roman contests at least two and preferably four, judges and a referee are necessary.

The wrestlers are allowed to take hold only from the head, and not lower than the waist.

Taking hold of the legs and tripping are forbidden, and the provisions in regard to seizing the hair, flesh, &c., are the same as for Catch-as-Catch-Can bouts.

A fall is gained when a man has two shoulders on the ground at the same time to the satisfaction of the judges.

Bouts are limited to twenty minutes.

In the Graeco-Roman style classes are as follows: Light-weight, 11st.; middle-weight, 13st.; heavy-weight, any weight.

R. C. BALLARD.

PURBLIND PUBLICANS

HOW THEIR CUSTOMERS ARE "DONE DOWN."

I start this article with the firm intention of *not* alluding to the publican as Boniface or to his barmaids as Hebes.

The publican is fond of bewailing his hard lot these days.

Doubtless, recent taxation has hit him a bit, though I have yet to discover that the imposition of 1s. 9d. a gallon on whisky justifies him in charging you at the rate of about 10s. a gallon extra when retailed by the glass.

However, with the publican's extortionate charges I shall deal presently.

My general contention is that if the publican is in a bad way, it is mainly the result of his purblind attitude towards his customers and his own interests. It may be that youth casts a glamour over things, and that in thinking that the barmaids of my younger days were infinitely superior to those of the present generation I am the victim of the young man's rose-coloured vision.

Still, it does seem to me that the modern public-house is too often a refuge for the "have-beens" of the opposite sex.

In my own neighbourhood, for example, the barmaids of the principal public-house are three of the fattest and most ill-favoured wenches I ever saw in my life. Unlike most fat people, they combine adiposity with acrimony. Their looks would turn beer sour. They seem to regard an order in the light of a personal insult, and if after waiting twenty minutes to be served you venture on a mild remonstrance, they accuse you of being intoxicated.

Of course, it is foolish to argue from the particular to the general, but I say that it is rather exceptional nowadays to meet with a nice-looking barmaid. It is still more exceptional to encounter a well-mannered one.

The disagreeable barmaid, however, is but part and parcel of the general discomfort of the modern public-house.

THE TONE OF THE PLACE.

True, many public-houses are richly decorated, with plate-glass mirrors, plush settees, and rose-wood furnishings do not necessarily spell comfort. The general tone of the modern public-house is "Drink up, and drink again, or begone." It is too often a mere boozing ken, not, as it should be, a place for reasonable refreshment and recreation. Then over the portal might well be written: "We Want Your Money," for the modern publican is a shameless robber.

Take the whisky tax. At 1s 9d. a gallon that worked out at 3½d. a bottle. The wine and spirit merchants put an extra 6d. on the bottle, and fair enough, having regard to increased licence duties that was how the publican, or at least a great many of them, met the new tax with an extra halfpenny a glass.

Now, with the aid of a microscope and other delicate apparatus, I have measured the average publican's "tot" of whisky as formerly sold at the minimum price of 3d., and I find that from one bottle of whisky the publican gets at least 24 glasses. Therefore to meet a tax of 3½d. a bottle he put on an extra charge of at least 1s. a bottle.

WHISKY PROFITS.

Apart from this, think of his original profit. Twenty-four glasses at 3d. a glass equals 6s., and at the very most the whisky will not have cost him more than 3s. a bottle; if it is his own "special" brand, a great deal less.

"Cent. per cent.," that is the publican's motto. Of course, I know that there are heavy charges for rent, rates, lighting, licence duties, and so on, but in the above calculations I have taken no account of adulteration, short measure, and other ingenious devices for swindling the consumer.

It is useless for the publican to pretend that he sells a good article at a fair price when the law has at last compelled him to admit by public notice that he does not guarantee his spirits as unadulterated.

The publican does not play so many thievish tricks with beer as he does with spirits, simply because he dare not, but again it is increasingly difficult to obtain a glass of really sound ale.

BUYING AND SELLING PRICES.

Two of the biggest of the publican's ramps are over gin and claret. Compared with whisky, gin is cheap, yet you pay the same price for it, while for a gin and bitters you are charged 3d., sometimes 4d., for about a farthing's worth of inferior spirit and inferior bitters.

If you ask for a glass of claret you are often charged 4d. or 6d. for a small glass of logwood, which the publican buys at the rate of about 9d. a bottle.

He could obtain a quite drinkable St. Julien for 1s. 6d. a bottle, which at 3d. a decent-sized glass would leave him a decent profit; but in his greed he buys the very cheapest Médoc and retails at an extortionate price.

The consumption of sound wine should be encouraged, but the publican does everything to discourage it.

Then take the iniquitous charges for minerals. Twopence or threepence for a small soda which he buys for about a halfpenny, threepence for a bottle of ginger beer which costs him at the most a penny.

"TRADE" BRED DRUNKARDS.

The "trade" bitterly resent the accusation that they encourage drinking, but the facts are against them.

The man who drinks sound liquor rarely becomes a drunkard, for good liquor is satisfying and does not create the morbid craving produced by the fusel-oil and potato-spirit mixtures sold by the publican.

In purveying bad liquor the "trade" breeds drunkards and undermines the health of the people. The extortionate charges for wines and minerals are absolutely unjustifiable.

It may be asked, how is it that if the publican makes such profits he is in such a bad way? My answer to that is that the publican drives away custom and reduces his clientèle below a paying minimum.

In his greed he is stupid. He thinks it pays him better to rob a few steady boozers than to deal fairly with a large crowd of moderate drinkers.

However, I am not so much concerned with saving the purblind publican, as with saving ourselves—by whom I mean men who like an occasional glass of good liquor outside their homes.

The publican has many powerful enemies, and one of the strongest weapons in their hands is the way the public-house business is misconducted.

The teetotal fanatic wants to abolish the public-house—the fanatic is always a destroyer, never a builder—but the true friend of temperance realises that we do not want to abolish the public-house but to reform it.

The first step to reform is to compel the publican by law to sell sound liquor at a reasonable price, and to force him by public opinion to think more of the comfort of his customers than he does at present.

D. COLLINS.

THE VALUE OF APPEARANCES.

A learned judge, a short time ago, expressed surprise at a creditor's having been deceived by a debtor's prosperous appearance; and therein he showed much worldly wisdom.

It is getting more and more difficult every day to judge a man's financial position by the clothes he wears, or even by the house in which he lives.

For instance, you may see a man with an obviously good frock coat on, well-made trousers, boots, hat, and all the rest of it. Close by you may see another, dressed in a well-brushed lounge-suit of evidently inferior quality, such a suit, in fact, as is turned out for a guinea or so by tailors whose windows are plastered with pictures of forceful men pointing their fingers at you.

Well, it is natural to presume that the first man is more prosperous than the other—but think. The second man has obviously had to pay for his suit; whereas the exquisite is possibly being eagerly searched for by a once trustful and now irate tailor. The shabby man has probably a snug little sum in the "savings bank"; whereas the other is very likely wondering where his next sovereign is to come from.

Again so many well-to-do people are so eccentric in their dress nowadays that you should never drive away a man whom you think to be a tramp from your door. It is quite possible that he is a philanthropic millionaire who is giving you a call.

CLASSES OF BOATS.

A jolly-boat or dinghy is the smallest boat carried by a ship. It has two or four oars, and one man rows two oars.

Next in size comes a skiff, which is defined as a "small, light, foar-oared boat."

A whaler is pointed at the stern exactly as at the bow. It has five oars, two on the starboard and three on the port side, each rower having a separate thwart.

A wherry is a light boat, sometimes built like a whaler. It is used mainly for carrying passengers on rivers. Wherrymen in the old days were notorious for their extortionate charges, when they got the chance.

A gig is a long, narrow, four-oared boat. Each rower has a separate thwart and rows one oar.

A galley is like a gig, but longer, and has six oars instead of four.

A cutter, that is a ship's cutter, has ten or twelve oars, and two rowers to a thwart. She also carries sails.

A ship's barge is similar to a cutter, but is larger and heavier.

A pinnace may be propelled either by sails or steam, in the former case having sixteen oars, double-banked as a rule.

A launch is the largest pulling boat carried by a man-of-war, and carries sails and oars.

The yawl is the longshoreman's boat, and is sailed or pulled.

The coracle is much used in South Wales. It consists of a framework of wood, covered with hide. In the West of Ireland they have a similar, but larger boat called a "Curragh," in which canvas takes the place of hide.

TOMMY ATKINS AS AN ENGINEER.

In former times the soldier found protection from the shells and bullets of his enemy by sheltering behind parapets or banks of earth, or other materials, sometimes stout enough to stop a heavy shell, at other times just thick enough to bring a rifle bullet to a halt.

The missiles as a rule came straight at the defenders, and so long as the protecting parapets were strong enough to stop them the men in rear were safe.

But modern guns, and particularly the howitzer, have changed all this. The howitzer is a short, squat cannon which can be fired almost straight up in the air, so that a shell can be dropped over and just behind a parapet or other defence to burst on striking the ground, and to spread death among the defenders.

The shell may also be fired with what is called a time fuse, the mechanism being so arranged that the shell will burst a certain number of seconds after leaving the gun.

The gunner finds the enemy's range with special instruments for the purpose, easily calculates how

Artificial cover for outposts. The roof is made of corrugated iron, covered with at least six inches of earth.

long it will take the shell to cover that distance, and fixes his time fuse so that the shell will burst in the air when it is over, or nearly over, the heads of the enemy, death in this case dropping almost straight from the clouds.

With ordinary guns, which cannot be elevated like howitzers, the end (breech) of the gun comes on and strikes against the ground when the muzzle is pointed upwards more than a certain distance; shrapnel shell is also fired to burst in the air.

THE MODERN SHELL.

This is simply a shell filled with a great number of bullets. When the shell bursts, these bullets travel forward in a cone, covering a distance of about three hundred yards.

These bullets come down at different angles, and when the shell is made to burst in the air in front of a parapet, many of them will come down among the defenders.

Therefore to obtain protection from artillery fire nowadays something better than banks of earth is needed. The defenders must either protect their heads from dropping shells and bullets by

Trench with temporary over-head cover of corrugated iron. This can be removed for purposes of firing. Observe that the earth taken from the trench is heaped up on the side nearest the enemy, a ledge being left for the elbows of a man firing.

what is technically known as "head-cover"—roofs of one kind or another—or by burrowing underground like so many moles.

In the Boer War the effect of our artillery fire was very disappointing. Time after time our generals thought they had broken the enemy with terrific artillery bombardments, tons and tons of shot and shell being poured into their lines or entrenchments.

But when our infantry advanced to charge the position, and the guns had to stop for fear of hitting our own men, the Boers popped up unharmed from their hiding places, and poured a withering fire on the attack.

It is estimated that it took about 100 shells to kill one Boer, so clever and safe were his defences.

THE BOER DEFENCES.

What were his retreats like? Well, a very favourite place with the Boer sharpshooters was along the bank of a dried-up river.

If the bank overhung, as it usually did, they simply sat under it, absolutely protected from dropping bullets. Of course, a shell bursting in the bed of the river would spread bullets all round. But the bullets or pieces of shell usually fly upwards. A man lying on the ground will often escape hurt from a shell bursting quite close to him.

The Boers lay under the river bank until the time for action came. If the bank was straight, they dug away its lower half and propped the "roof" up with planks and boards.

Of course, river banks were not always avail-

Section of an open sap. The head of the trench is protected by loose sandbags, or by a steel sap-shield, which can be moved on as the digging progresses.

able, and in other positions the Boers went to enormous labour in building bomb-proof shelters.

Sometimes they simply dug a hole in the ground, then tunnelled along one side sitting or lying in the tunnel, which was propped up with timber. This, however, meant great labour, and in the first two illustrations are shown simple dodges for quickly obtaining protection for the head.

THE ART OF SAPPING.

In the case of regular forts or earthworks, the men not wanted to man the walls absolutely live underground in fairly roomy tunnels and caves. But again, the labour of constructing these is frightful, while they are unhealthy, especially in wet weather, and will sometimes kill far more men than the enemy.

It is when he takes to what is called "sapping" that Tommy Atkins most resembles a mole.

When a general finds it impossible to carry a fortress by bombardment or assault, he goes to ground, and tries to subdue his foe by careful, relentless sapping.

There are two ways of sapping. The one is carried on right [illegible] ground, the other [illegible] partially so. In the [illegible] place a regular [illegible] tube is bored under [illegible] through the ground in the [illegible] enemy's direction, the [illegible] ject being to drive [illegible] tunnel under the [illegible] wall. When this has been done, explosives are placed in the enemy's end of the tunnel and then fired by electricity from the other end, with obvious results.

The labour of such an undertaking is frightful, while, apart from ordinary engineering risks, there is always the fear that the enemy, suspecting what is going on, may locate your tunnel by sinking a shaft on his own account. Having found you, he will then dig down into your tunnel under cover of night

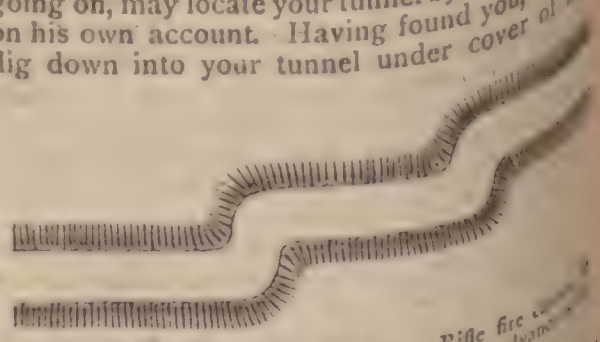


Diagram showing the course of a sap. Rifle fire [illegible] brought to bear along its length. The rate of advance [illegible] to 4ft. per hour for a sap about 2ft. 6in. wide.

and blow it up, thus destroying the work [illegible] perhaps months.

In the other style of sapping a deep trench is dug towards the enemy, usually at night time, so that gradually strong entrenchments are formed close up to the walls, so that an assault can be made from close quarters, or the walls blown up by a sudden dash of men carrying explosives. A portion of a sap is shown in the third sketch.

PROTECTION FROM ENFILADE FIRE.

It must be understood, however, that the [illegible] does not run straight towards the enemy, for [illegible] he would be able to enfilade it, that is to fire [illegible] down it. The sap is dug in zig-zag fashion, as shown in the above diagram.

A favourite device with generals is to divert the course of a stream, so as to cut off his enemy's water supply. Or alternatively, he will divert a stream or canal with the intention of flooding out his foe.

Here again Tommy Atkins would be employed as a navvy cutting the new course for the river.

Altogether, although enlisted primarily to fight, Tommy Atkins very often has to turn himself into a combination of miner, navvy, and human mole.

"CHINSTRAP."

A SHAVING HINT.

Driven one morning to use my [illegible] washing soap for shaving, having [illegible] to renew my usual shaving "stick," I was surprised to find that the ordinary soap made an excellent and lasting lather when applied in the ordinary way with the shaving brush and the aid of a little hot water.

Since that day—and it is some years ago—I have never bought soap specially for shaving, and can always shave wherever I happen to be staying, without the necessity of carrying special shaving soap with me.

As a matter of fact many men [illegible] much upon the virtues of the shaving [illegible] numerous as I readily admit they are, after all it is not the soap that makes the day's growth of beard amenable to the persuasion of the razor. It is quite as much the water that does the trick; the soap is valued as a convenient and helpful "vehicle" for the water.

A great mistake is often made by [illegible] ing the face in a thick lather in which there is not enough water to soak into the

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE DEVIL'S GOOD MAN

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I must confess that it was a bachelor card party—one of those little solo whist evenings which are supposed to end up at twelve midnight with "just a quarter of an hour's banker," and which actually finish when the host has fallen asleep over both packs of cards at 5 a.m.—that was the cause of bringing me past the smiling Face in the Corner in the old churchyard, when the first of the early morning summer sun was gilding the roof-tops, and the majority of the world slept peacefully.

Having for some considerable time had a balance in the bank of youthful stamina, this one withdrawal thereon made no difference to a well-conducted-after body that had for months past been accustomed its regular eight hours' sleep with that before twelve which is so much better than the hours after it.

Therefore, when a tall, well-dressed American-looking man emerged from the vacant niche, which is under the bust of the smiling Satan, and asked me for a match it was a fairly fresh eye that I cast on him and, generously enough, I offered my last match.

He seemed politely averse to taking it.

"You must light up, too," he said. "No, not a cigarette; they're deadly before breakfast. But a pipe, now, goes all right with most men. . . . Try this 'bacca."

By this time we had walked under the six-foot-high niche, which, once being the residence of a once crumbled Virgin Mary, now affords the striking place for matches in the whole of North of England city. My new acquaintance's portmanteau showed that he had arrived by the early Liverpool train) leant against the churchyard wall beneath the quaint stone head that looked down upon him.

There was a momentary pause while my friend seemed to get a glowing bowl, I fancifully wondered whether the "Old Gentleman" above had mysteriously put his influence upon me, it was all so unlike me. Yet I hadn't gone through the pre-natal form. . . .

Then came the voice of the stranger breaking in upon my hazy thoughts.

"My name's Roy Cottar," said he, without any of the old English reticence. "In spite of the cut of my clothes, I can assure you that I am in the direction to thank the Devil here that I am *not* an American—that I hope to get rid of any traces of the country's accent and mannerisms within a short time of my return to this country. . . .

"You see that cutlery store (shop, I mean) over there? Look—'Geo. Cottar' above the door. Well, Geo. Cottar's my father, and he takes a pleasure of getting drunk for the only time in his life on that day twenty-eight years ago I first saw the light stream through the window above the board where it says 'Best Sheffield Cutlery.' I gue— I shall sit right here, I reckon, until the old man's assistant comes and takes down the shutters.

"I've never made a practice of disturbing the Devil before breakfast, and I don't see myself having at that game now. Besides, if things haven't been getting altered in this city there'll be a coffee stall opposite here within eighteen . . . .

"I thought so. Well, the information's cheer-ful. Though old England, thank God, doesn't get up to too many monkey tricks with her ancient customs, so *I* didn't expect to hear to the contrary. You must stay and have a coffee and cake at my expense. You will? Good!

"I'll tell you something about this customer, Devil Above, just to pass the time."

"I accept," said I, delightedly. "You've pulled a thing that may seem a very irrelevant remark to you, but you must respect old English traditions (whether or otherwise.)

"Well," said he, "I suppose the ritual remains, old England, *semper eadem*? . . . When a man in this city finds all the universe is bent on giving him nothing but kicks, he goes and elicits the interest of the Devil above us by pulling his nose, does he?"

I nodded.

"Taking his chance," I added, "as to whether the Devil assists him backwards or forwards. Anyhow, he's supposed to get a move on him after pulling the Devil's nose."

"Kinder kill or cure. Get well or die? That's quite correct. Same as it held in my day, so I'll ask you no more questions 'cept this. How do the young men approach the—the operation now. Sh——"

"Shamefacedly," I said.

"You took the word out of my mouth!" he cried.

"They come here at any odd time when they think no one will be observing them."

"So they did always. So did I!"

"But stop a minute," I put in. "No one has ever told me the result. No one ever speaks of it. They say that if you peach on the Devil it's an even chance that somethin' horrible falls on you."

"Oh. Well, *I* don't mind so long as it's not something *heavy*. I'm not superstitious—at least, I sha'n't be for a fortnight. . . . I met dear old Beven Bright here on this very spot. That's the only way the Devil happens to come in it at all. Only I just laugh and say that the 'Old Gentleman' sent me the best friend I ever had, at the same time robbing me of the faculty of appreciating him. I only just snigger and say it, you know, for fun."

"Say it now for the sake of old tradition, old superstition—something English," I advised him. "Remember you're going to drop being American entirely before a fortnight's up. Begin now."

"You're right. I must think of that *semper eadem* hard and stick it in my head. Well—about old Bright. . . .

"Things had been going with me something like a free-wheel bicycle without a brake going down a danger hill. I'm talking of seven years ago—which makes me close on twenty-one then.

"It wasn't that I had been exactly lazy. The old man, my father, Geo. Cottar, cutler, opposite, had asked me, when I was a boy no longer, what I would like to be. As I had an eye for drawing and a humble admiration for beautiful buildings, I said I had leanings towards the profession of an architect. I remember the old man saying he'd consult the missus and looking very serious, because it meant a big sum down for articles.

"'With declining trade,' he said to me, 'it may mean an extra five years in the business for me if I take the necessary amount out of my capital now. But your mother and I will manage it, Roy, seeing as you're the only one. Then, after that extra five years, I'll sell the business and put the money aside for you.'

"I thanked him sorter inconsequently. Ten sovereigns cash to me then was better than a hundred in future expectations. I dismissed that matter—and the matter of the old man's extra five years work in his old age. . . .

"I've come back now to save him that five years and one or two beside, but that's by the way. . . .

"Well, they articled me to an architect, and I became very much in my own mind a high-class professional young gentleman while Geo. Cottar remained a tradesmen as ever. That architect had been doing all the big business in the town in a quiet way. Then after I went into his office he saw I was smart at my work, and when his chief assistant found a better job I took his place at article money, and did all the work that came in. . . . But *that* got slacker. My principal got to going out from twelve to two for lunch, from eleven to three, from ten to four, leaving with me the message for any callers that he would be back shortly. Well, when he *did* come back he came back drunk, and the rest I needn't tell you."

"He lost his clients?"

"Yes. One by one and then two by two, till, like his money, his senses, and all but his taste for drink, they'd utterly gone. The worst of it was that so was the worth of his name as a reference. . . To cut a long yarn short, I slacked about for six months, livin' on my poor old guv'nor, and bein' worse than no use at his trade in his shop, and finally with my twenty-first birthday right on me I found myself a man of less use than Geo. Cottar's errand-boy, and with just as much call as that errand-boy to be getting my own living."

I desisted then from pulling slowly at my pipe.

"That was when you went and consulted the 'Gentleman' above us?"

"Yes—one morning. Just the sort of lovely morning this is, with everything alive with tune but me. I looked all around and there was not a soul to be seen. I raised my cap—and pulled the Devil's nose. Immediately I heard someone shout out:

"'Bravo! boy.'

"It was a little iron-grey-haired man, wearing a close-clipped beard. He was standing at the just-opened gates of the Bell Hotel Yard, over there, and waving his stick. He looked an eminently respectable, fairly well-to-do, jolly sort.

"He crossed over. I can see the merry smile on his face now.

"'Come and have a rum and milk, boy,' he said. 'It's the only thing a man can safely drink before breakfast.'

"Well, of course, I accepted his invitation and, disguising of facts being useless, I, just to pass the time, put my case before him.

"It appeared that he was the manager of a going concern that had branches all over England, and he was visiting the local branch.

"'Nothing doing in my line,' said he, 'but just show me a specimen or two of your work, and perhaps—but there, I'll promise nothing except that for a start I like your face, and I'm accustomed to reading faces.'

"That's the sense if not his exact words.

"'I'm sure that's very good of you, Mr. Bright,' said I, and you know how a drowning man goes for straws, well, I existed on those words of his for three days, during which time he had in his possession certain specimens of my work, which he had promised to show to one of the tip-top firms in London with whom he had influence."

I bowed to the fetish of all commercial countries.

"On the fourth day," the narrator continued, "I had a letter from this Mr. Bright, saying that he had secured me a post with his firm, and adding that a room in his bachelor flat was at my disposal until such time as I cared to find diggings for myself.

"I can't pass over that bachelor flat and all the homely comfort I found there without mentioning his old housekeeper, who more than carried out all that Mr. Bright suggested for my comfort Everything was O.K., with a cup of tea in the morning and a hot water-bottle in my bed on chilly nights—both old-fashioned, if not exactly hygienic, comforts. They make our unused-to-fussing young man's chest glow—those little attentions.

"Mr. Bright's office in the City was within a stone's throw of my employer's, and consequently my benefactor and myself lunched together every day.

"Within a month, my position looking quite assured (they'd said my work would 'do' at the office—and that's a lot for *that* firm), I looked up diggings for myself and gave my notice in, as you might say, to Mr. Bright.

"When he returned from the City one night my trunk was packed standing in the ante-room. He looked at it.

"'Well, Roy,' said he, sort of uneasy. 'I'm sorry you're going, because I was beginning to look on you as my own son. . . . But there—sons aren't allowed to lonely old bachelors,' he finished up laughing.

"And I—inconsequent young fool—laughed too. Laughed when I ought to have begged his pardon for as much as *sug.est.ng* leaving him to his loneliness again!

"But you know what hoodoo'd blighted young fellers *are*. I wanted to be out on my own in some digs where there were younger chaps to—to play cards all night with, and so on."

I blushed furiously, but luckily Mr. Roy Cottar was looking into the street before him, and seeing naught but the past.

"Well, by the Holy Smoke, I got all I wanted down at those diggings—all, including a pal. Good-looking chap—nice chap—public-school man, son of opulent parents who kept him going *au fait* with as much cash to spend as I earned weekly, and I wasn't doing bad for a youngster as things go now. . . . Put down 'women, wine, horse-racin'' — and you've got Jerry Bignold's favourite selections out of life's little amusements. And I—I became his closest friend.

"Often at lunch I'd turn up lookin' pale after a night's cards, young man (a succession often tells on the best constitution). . . .

"Old Mr. Bright, still as kind to me as ever, and still as right glad to see me in spite of the fact that I hardly spent an evening a week in his company, began to notice these things. Then he spoke to me one day.

"'Roy,' he said, 'I can tell you in confidence that they think a lot of you at your place. Hold out your arm.'

"I tried to brazen out what I knew he was trying to get at and held out my arm.

"Pooh, I was nowhere! The tips of my fingers trembled like a leaf in the wind.

"'Tea,' I said. 'I've been drinkin' too much of it and its weakened my nerves.'

"'Yes. I should knock it off, Roy,' says Mr. Bright. And that night (he'd taken tickets for both of us for St. James's Theatre, I remember) he ordered cocoa for me at tea-time in place of tea, just for all the world as if he didn't know. . . .

"Well, things went on like this for some time. I—yes, the miserable, shabby, good-for-nothing little *me*—*allowed* him the pleasure of my company, now, a regular night per week—Mondays—as they were slackest days up West.

"Then one day he came up to the office for me, and came away after interviewing my Boss. And—I hardly knew him.

"He had had his beard shaved off, leaving merely the moustaches on his upper lip.

"He was very jolly, and told me that that was his fortieth birthday, and that he had made a vow to shave off his beard on that day. Forty! He was fifty-five if a day!

"However, we went to Earl's Court that night, and, following my eye often, he tried youthfully to half-smile at such girls as gave that sly look, not without question, to me.

"That night I read him—a little. Like looking at the title of a story without perusing it at all. I could see he was trying to make himself young in order that he might be a fitter-looking companion for me."

I saw Cottar bite his lip.

"I did *not* read," he added, "that which would have been plain to the eyes of anyone but an ignorant young coxcomb.

"I could not see that his object in making himself look a fitter companion for me was to keep me to him and *away* from associates unfit for the clean mind that youth starts with.

"Then, as luck would have it, Bignold came up and joined us. We all had supper together. But there was one thing Mr. Bright could not do. He couldn't act for pea-nuts. His cold-shouldering of Bignold was too apparent, and my gorge rose against Mr. Bright for that he did not seem willing to play second fiddle to my unworthy first violin—Jerry.

"Well, it got to words at last. I was practically skinned, but Bignold said, 'That's all right, Jerry. Don't let that superannuated old blighter with the beardless face pay for our supper. I can manage that all right!'

"And I let it go at that.

"I left Mr. Bright with a cruel cut about his age, and a good many damnable remarks that I'm too ashamed to repeat. Faugh!"

Mr. Roy Cottar shuddered at this recollection of himself.

"I suppose," he said, "that it's needless to tell you that the next time I saw him I went—sacked, disgraced, and half a wreck—to beg the fare home that I dared not ask from my father. He gave it me and a promise of a remittance weekly besides, so that I could tell my parents that I'd at least saved something out of my good earnings, and thus be able to pay for my bread-and-butter, while I—atoned—to myself and to Mr. Bright, by attempting to find a situation of any sort, and somehow making a man of myself again.

"'You'll live it down, Roy,' said Mr. Bright to me, and perhaps it'll be all for the best after all.'

"Even then his health—he was a hard worker, and the strain had been telling on a not too robust constitution—was breaking down. His whole family, he said, had had it here," Roy Cottar patted his broad chest.

"I remember," he went on, "going to London to interview the English representatives of an American firm of architects, and afterwards calling on Mr. Bright. . . . The little bachelor flat was hushed, the kindly housekeeper beamed no longer. Mr. Bright I found lying upon a couch. They'd had to bring him home in a cab. Well—you know the usual sight—his face was pink, and there was a rattle in his chest. I tried to cheer him up.

"'I think I shall get the job,' I told him.

"He rallied that day, and I sat with him, he talking in gasps about the jolly times we'd had, the theatres we'd been to—even of pleasant evenings strolling around the Western Garden of Earl's Court!

"I went away that night leaving him (I thank God) sleeping with a smile on his kindly face on which the beard—that he'd shaved off for me—was showing slightly again.

"I came in the morning breathless and [illegible] with the letter that told me of my success [illegible] America and passage paid.

"*He* had taken up his last post an hour [illegible] viously. The good friend—that the Devil [illegible] me—was gone."

He bowed his head, and he whispered, [illegible] softly—

"By remorse and confession," he murmured, [illegible] and the last words I could not catch, save [illegible] and these were "gain forgiveness."

* * * * *

From the street came the rattle of the [illegible] proaching coffee-stall, and we rose and [illegible] away from the niche, Roy Cottar following [illegible]

I heard a crash as of fallen masonry, and [illegible] to find the Devil's stone head in smithereens behind Cottar's heels.

"Gee! That was a close call!" said [illegible] as certain workmen approached he affected a smile.

"T'old thing's bin crumblin' to bits [illegible] months past," said one of the Corporation workmen, producing a mason's chisel. "Get to work there, Bill, and get the rest of it down. The job ought to ha' been done yesterday."

I knew then that all possibility of the [illegible] supplying true friends for the needs of the [illegible] men of the City was reduced to nil.

THE LUCK OF THE MAN IN THE STREET

To the man who possesses that [illegible] gift to the enforced worker a sense [illegible] humour there is no place that presents greater attractions, in a mild way, than the streets of a big city.

It is in more secluded places that the underlying note of life's tragedy becomes insistent. In busy thoroughfares the hurry of the moment pushes it aside; and a spirit is apparent everywhere.

Here comes a girl and a man. Her face has an expression of semi-contempt; his is gazing into her eyes with the soft look so commonly attributed to cupids. He is oblivious of his idiotic appearance; you are not. And when they have passed you allow yourself a quiet smile.

Here comes a man in a great hurry. He looks quickly behind and all around him, and then sprints up a side street. Presently another man appears, stops, looks up and down, and shrugs his shoulders—beaten. He has "tailor" written all over him; and if you sympathise, you are mildly [illegible]

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westminster Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

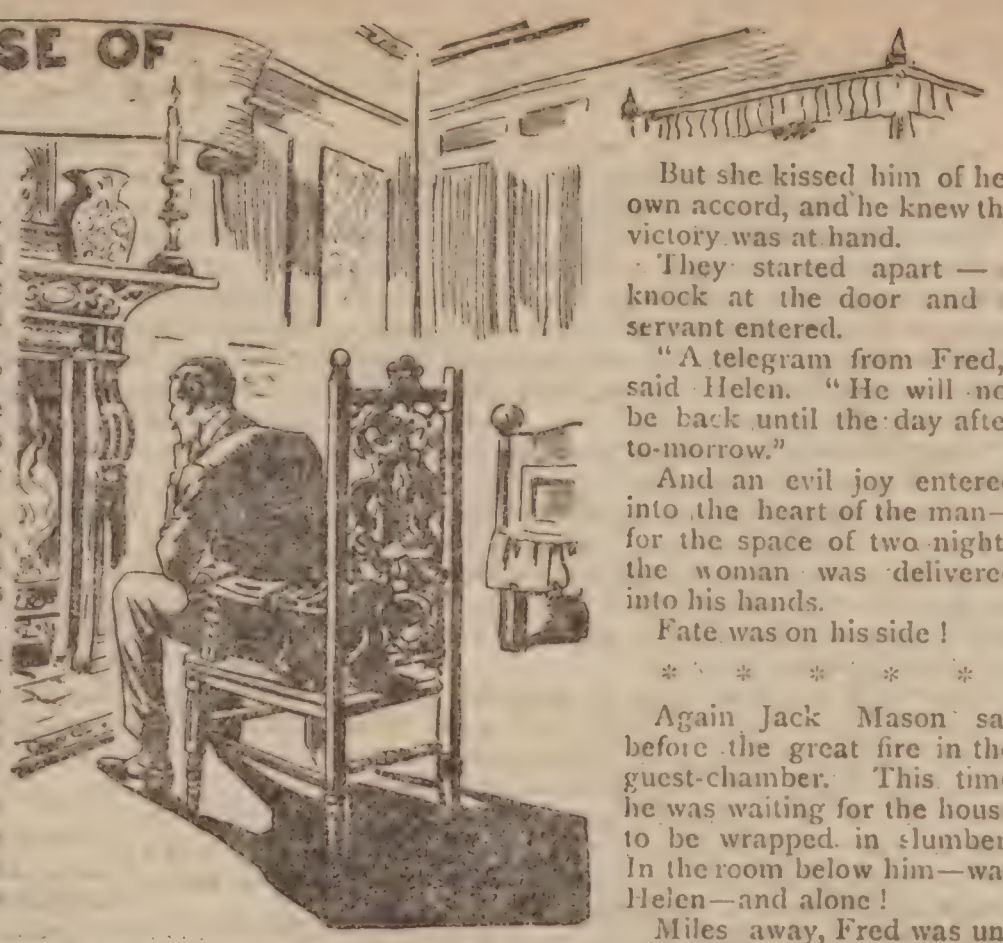
Signature.....

Address.....

.....

IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND

A HUMAN SKETCH.



"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife." He heard the words as plainly as the Chosen People heard them thundered from Sinai. "Thou shalt not commit" the rest of the sentence he refused to hear; for lust is worse than the Commandment of God or man.

And he did covet this woman whose white and red beauty appealed to his senses.

What did it matter to him that she was his friend's wife, and that he was enjoying the hospitality of that very house?

He sat and gazed into the heart of the great fire whose flames danced and flickered on the oak-panelled walls of the guest chamber.

The ruddy glow of the fire was dim in comparison with the fierce heat of the passion that consumed him as he sat and plotted how best to gratify his desire, and do his host the most grievous wrong one man can do another.

In the chamber below his friend slept—and dreamed of his friend's wife.

It was dawn before he got up from his chair, and only dead embers remained in the grate, in contrast to the fire that was burning his very brain.

"To-morrow," he said to himself, "to-morrow," and his face showed evil in the light that streamed in between the curtains.

To-morrow his host would be absent, and his friend's wife in his power.

* * * * * *

When Fred Parkes married lovely Helen Moss he did not trouble to find out whether she loved him.

He was many years older than the girl, who had known almost chastened life up to his advent. She loved her, and naturally supposed that she returned the love as she had promised to be his wife—and afterwards he never gave the matter a thought.

He was too good a man to be altogether a wise man, and as he loved his wife, so he trusted his friend.

It never struck him that there was danger in leaving that fascinating young officer alone with his wife. Like many another husband, he had an exaggerated idea of the potency of the wedding ring as a protecting talisman.

Thus Fred had no misgivings in leaving home, while Jack Mason was his guest.

And Helen?

The woman was as a waxen image in the heart of a great fire!

Before the light in Jack's eyes the conventionalities first became misty then faded away altogether.

And when at last he spoke—she was attuned to him.

She had never known it—"until now," she whispered with her face against his shoulder. Poor fool, she only knew its counterfeit long after.

Jack came back somewhat, but only because in all women, the spirit of coquetry was strong in all.

Jack smiled to himself, for he was certain of the ultimate victory.

"When will you give me what I want?" he asked, as they sat among the aloes and palms in the dimly-lighted conservatory which had been Fred's latest addition to his wife's boudoir.

She smiled—as only an Helen can smile—and pretended not to hear him.

But she kissed him of her own accord, and he knew the victory was at hand.

They started apart — a knock at the door and a servant entered.

"A telegram from Fred," said Helen. "He will not be back until the day after to-morrow."

And an evil joy entered into the heart of the man—for the space of two nights the woman was delivered into his hands.

Fate was on his side!

* * * * *

Again Jack Mason sat before the great fire in the guest-chamber. This time he was waiting for the house to be wrapped in slumber. In the room below him—was Helen—and alone!

Miles away, Fred was unconscious of Jack's treachery—if the Fates were kind he need never know the extent of it.

If the worst came to the worst Helen could come to him.

He was not as wealthy as Fred, but some arrangement could be made—for a time anyhow! Ah! If only Helen could have read the thoughts of that man in the room overhead!

Midnight struck—but Jack still gazed into the heart of the fire.

The house was quite still!

Did anyone speak?

The man started—the room was full of firelight.

Again he stared hard at the fire. The dancing flames seemed to resemble Helen's red-gold tresses.

He gave himself up to sensuous thoughts and fancies—waiting for the half-hour to strike.

In so many minutes he would gain his heart's desire and the object of his plots. He rose—on the table lay a portrait of Helen, he had stolen it from an album some days ago.

He took it up.

"Thou shalt not commit"—again he looked round.

It was the clock striking the quarter past.

Once more he resumed his chair. The fire had sunk to a glowing red.

The house was very still—no movement to be heard.

A whimsical fancy seized him. This room was red—red curtains, red coverlet to the bed, red fire—all red, like the passion he felt in his veins.

And the room underneath was still white—still unsullied. Helen had said that white was her favourite colour-scheme. Then he laughed—red was warm!

The little clock on his mantelshelf pointed almost to the half after midnight.

He looked at the fire. Should he put more coal on or let it go out?

It was still glowing, but as he gazed across the coals he read—or thought he read—the words of accusation, "Mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted."

* * * * * * *

The half-hour struck and passed.

The fire died down and out—and with it a man's passion.

A. M. STEWART.

ARE YOU A MEMBER?

THE MODERN MAN League offers you an unique opportunity for making friends, and with just the right type of men. Become a member to-day. The form of application for membership appears on page 12.

HINTS TO WATER-POLO REFEREES

THE ORDINARY AND WILFUL FOUL.

The referee at water polo has to have all his wits about him, as may be judged from the fact that, while nominally a game lasts fourteen minutes, in practice it often runs into an hour, owing to the time occupied by disputes or fouls or when the ball is out of play not being reckoned as part of the playing time.

The referee is assisted by a time-keeper and two goal-scorers, and one o the referee's first duties is to see that the time-keeper has a proper stop-watch, the only means by which the time can be kept accurately, and that the goal-scorers understand their duties, which consist mainly in signalling goals by means of a red flag and corner-throws by a white flag, and keeping tally of the goals scored at their respective ends.

Then, of course, the referee must satisfy himself before a game begins that the ball is of the regulation size and material, that the dimensions of the goals are correct, and that the goal posts are at least one foot clear of the end of the bath or any obstruction.

The referee may stop the game at any time he likes if in his opinion the conduct of spectators or players is improper.

From first to last the referee has to be on the look-out for fouls.

This is not meant in any way to imply that water-polo players are bad sportsmen, but there are so many technical fouls in the game that it is difficult for the fairest of players to avoid technical offences, and therefore stoppages are frequent.

It is an ordinary foul to hold the rail or side during any part of the game, to interfere with an opponent or impede him in any way, unless he is holding the ball, to hold the ball under water when tackled, to hold, pull back, or push off from an opponent, to turn on the back and kick at an opponent, to assist a player at the start or re-start, to throw the ball at the goalkeeper from a free-throw, to refuse to play the ball at the order of the referee after a foul or when the ball has been out of play.

Now it is clear that some at least of these fouls may be committed accidentally, and it is for the referee to use his judgment as to whether a foul is unintentional or wilful.

If in his opinion any one of the ordinary fouls mentioned is committed deliberately, then it becomes a wilful foul, and the referee must order the offender out of the water until a goal has been scored, no matter whether half-time intervene or not.

There are, however, certain fouls which are always wilful—as, for example, deliberately to splash in the face of an opponent, to strike at the ball with the clenched fist (goalkeepers excepted), to start before the word "go," to take up a position within two yards of the opponent's goal-line, deliberately to waste time, deliberately to change position after the whistle has gone so as to gain an advantage over an opponent.

Disputes often arise over what constitutes "impeding" an opponent. It is in no way necessary that the player should be touched in order to be impeded. It is "impeding" to swim near an opponent so that he has not the free use of his legs or arms.

The resting rule is often abused. A player resting must stand perfectly still with his arms down, or at all events well out of the way of an opponent, and when he resumes he must not jump up from the bottom. Rough play within the penalty area is far too prevalent, and it is for referees to put it down with a firm hand.

Referees should remember that for wilful fouls within the four-yards line they must not only award a penalty-throw, but also order the offender out of the water until a goal has been scored.

A referee may alter a decision before the ball is again in play, but he should never allow spectators or players to question his ruling.

Whenever possible, one side of the bath or field of play should be kept clear, so that the referee can follow the game from end to end.

A. STEPHENS.

CITY CYCLING
AND ITS FASCINATIONS.

Though I am ready to admit, and even to sing the praises of the open road and the clear course, and to acclaim the joys of country cycling with as much enthusiasm as the hardiest Bath roadster, yet there is also for me an intense fascination in the dangers and difficulties of cycling through the traffic-thronged streets of the City.

The cyclist cycles because he wants to get along quickly, and when all is plain going and the only traffic met with is an occasional farm-wagon or a lumbering threshing machine, it is doubtless a pleasant recreation.

Spinning along without the necessity for constant vigilance in avoiding collisions or running down inoffensive pedestrians—whose right to the road, equally with the cycle or the carriage has of late been so often proclaimed in Press and Law Court—has its pleasures. It leaves one's mind free to enjoy the other sensations of cycling—sensations that are many and varied.

But City cycling carries with it also a number of interests, though entirely different ones. There is no common ground of comparison between the two, so that in praising City cycling it must not be supposed that I am running down the other and more normal ride along quiet lanes.

What then constitutes the fascination of City cycling? First and foremost, I would put the very considerable element of danger to one's own life that goes with it. For it can scarcely be denied that the cyclist in a crowded thoroughfare is exposed to very many perils.

Not the least of these is the strange antagonism that almost every other class of road-user exhibits toward him. Cabmen, 'busmen, taxi-cabbies, brewers' draymen, supercilious coachmen, and even the tradesmen's boy on his cycle-truck, all seem to regard the cyclist, pure and simple, as a nuisance to whom no consideration need be extended.

To outwit all these natural enemies is alone a work requiring pluck, skill, and daring.

These qualities, however, the cyclist possesses if any sportsman does.

And even when the City cyclist has not to contend with active hostility, he has to be ever on the alert for the unexpected difficulty. A cab will take a corner sharply and unexpectedly, and give "the following" cyclist a choice of running into the back of it or of drawing out into the stream of traffic and squeezing through a space that allows no more than two inches on either side.

Circumstances are momentarily arising in which the cyclist must judge and act with swiftness if he is to get through safely. He must, in fact, be prepared for anything, and should have his track planned in his mind for a hundred yards ahead, and yet be ready to modify his course a hundred times to cope successfully with the unexpected which, in City cycling, is always happening.

Above all, he must know when to push ahead, and when to slacken almost to a standstill. He gets to know to a fraction of an inch the space he needs to pass between two vehicles, and he sees, apparently with eyes at the back of his head, exactly how much space he has to spare between his back and the bobbing nose of the horse that is following him.

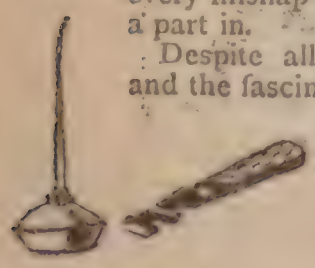
His great aim is to avoid dismounting even in the most crowded and congested thoroughfares, and his ability to keep his seat is the measure of his skill.

As he cuts in front of a lumbering 'bus, stooping to avoid contact with the horses' heads, and as he shoots ahead here, and poises there waiting for the opening he sees is coming, there is an exhilarating throbbing of his heart as he fights and manœuvres for his turn and takes his chance.

And he should always remember that should anything happen to him he can expect little or no sympathy from anybody. He bears the blame for every mishap he is unfortunate enough to have a part in.

Despite all these drawbacks, once yield to it and the fascination of city cycling always clings.

R. FLEMING.



MY NOTEBOOK.

THREE COMMENTS.

I have before me three letters, each of them dealing with the religious aspect of THE MODERN MAN.

The first comes from Newcastle, and condemns me most strongly for the criticisms I have published regarding the utility of foreign missions. As you will remember, I said that I considered it a pity that money should be contributed to foreign missionary work so long as we had any hungry children in this country.

"Your attitude," says the Newcastle correspondent, "is most anti-Christian."

The next letter is from a member of the Society of Jesus. "I wish," he says, "that you had been a Jesuit; you would have been the greatest one of the present age. We preach sensible, straightforward, human Christianity, and that is what you have done so much to foster."

The third letter is from a minister of the Church of Scotland. "I trust," he says, "that you will not consider it an impertinence on my part to say that I like your paper—like it much. It is a bit out of a parson's ordinary run, as you may imagine; but besides the interest which I find in many of the articles, there is a healthiness of tone about it and a breeziness which I appreciate very much. Needless to say, I turn my attention first to the Editor's Notebook. From your lay pulpit you have a great opportunity that any minister might envy; and—may I dare to say it?—I think you use it well. I enclose a P.O., and should be very much obliged if you would invest it for me in THE MODERN MAN, LTD. I should like to feel that I am the owner of at least one brick in your temple, or, to be more correct, five!"

WHICH IS RIGHT?

I doubt whether in the whole world of religious organisations there are two sects so widely separated as the Jesuits and the Scotch Kirk.

In Scotland there is, even at the present day, an abhorrence of Roman Catholicism. That seems strange to the more tolerant Englishman, until he recalls the passages in the history of Scotland where its gallant and successful fight for liberty went hand in hand with its fight against Papal influence.

And yet from these two quarters, so widely separated in matters of dogma, I have had the honour of receiving commendation.

I have never intentionally done anything to provoke it. I realise the power I wield in speaking to so many thousands of readers, and my object has always been to do no harm to anyone, but a little good to as many as possible. I have never intentionally preached religion according to any accepted creed, because this paper is read by people of all creeds and of all beliefs; but I have, I trust, moulded the tone of the paper in such a way that the beauty of the most beautiful of Christian attributes—kindness—has been made to some extent apparent.

That I have been successful in doing so is, I hope, evidenced by these comments on the part of the Scotch minister and of the Jesuit. They and I have in common the main elements of the teaching of our Master.

As to the other criticism from the Newcastle reader, I can only trust that he is mistaken.

BRIGHTON LEADS.

I have received the following letter from Mr. George Lord, 86, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton. It speaks for itself:—

"Dear Mr. Editor,

"It is proposed to organise in Brighton an Athletic and Social Club, to be called the 'Brighton and Hove Modern Man Athletic Club,' and I believe our hon. instructor (Mr. A. Jones, of 11, Herbert Road, Brighton) has already written you on the matter, and you have kindly given us permission to name the Club after your valued paper.

"At a meeting held on Tuesday last, it was resolved to throw the Club open to all [illegible] age of seventeen who are genuinely interested in sport, and the objects and aim of the Club are to provide facilities for giving members instruction and training in any branch of sport, and to promote the feeling of good sportsmanship and friendly competition amongst the members, and encourage that spirit of virile manhood the principles of which are so ably advocated by THE MODERN MAN.

"I may say that the majority of the members at present are keen readers of THE MODERN MAN and members of THE MODERN MAN League, and we are especially anxious to get the members of this League to join the Club, so that in Brighton, at any rate, no member of the League need be lonely, for he will have the opportunity of meeting other members, and a hearty welcome will always be given to any members of the League visiting the town.—Yours sincerely,

"GEORGE LORD, Secretary."

THE TIME IS RIPE.

I have, of course, written Mr. Lord direct, assuring him of my warmest support, and I think the time is now ripe for other towns to follow.

In practically every town of considerable size there are athletic clubs of different kinds, but I do not know of any which is what one might call an all-round man's club. If you are a runner you can join a harriers' club, or if you are an oarsman you can join a rowing club; but what is wanted in every town is a club of general sportsmanship where the members can take up the various sports in which they may be interested, and where those who do not take an active part in sport, but who possess the spirit of sportsmanship, may find a welcome.

I have preached, a hundred times if once, the gospel of friendliness. It is my belief that the more intimately you know your fellow-men the better you like them, and I think that the formation of clubs run on these broad lines would help to foster this spirit.

I do not quite know what you expect me to do in the matter, but you must remember that it is impossible for me to organise and to control the clubs that my readers may decide to form. For, after all, why should I attempt to do so? You know what you want as well as I do, and I think I may safely leave it in your hands to combine with one another, and to form these clubs throughout the country.

They will be controlled and financed by yourselves; the rules will be formed by the committee you select, and, being formed by yourselves and not by any central body, they will necessarily meet your wishes and requirements.

I trust that you will not forget me when you come to select your office-bearers. Make me an honorary president, or a vice-president, or something else, for when I happen to visit your town I should like to feel that I have a special right to come to your club.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF LEAGUE MEMBERS.

I think it advisable to publish the names and addresses of all members of THE MODERN MAN League in order that those who reside in the same town may get into touch with one another. I therefore propose to commence publishing in a week or two a complete list of members, giving their names and addresses.

I know that there are some men who dislike seeing their names in print, and therefore I should ask you, if you have any such objection, to let me know at once, so that I can withhold your name.

I do not, however, see why you should have any objection of this kind, for the League is an institution that I am particularly proud of, and I may say that to wear its badge gives me as much pleasure as wearing His Majesty's Commission.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

WHEN CAMERAS ARE IDLE.

WHAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER MISSES IN THE EARLY MORNING.

The photographer with limited time and, perhaps, more limited opportunity for finding new subjects for his skill, to say nothing of limited means which prevent him from seeking fresh fields to take, has, if he only realised it, a practically virgin field at his very door for the exercise of his hobby.

It does not matter where this "door" of his may be, the chance is the same to every man who has a camera and knows how to use it, whether he lives in the slums, the far country, or in any ordinary town house.

It is not the question of position that matters in this case, but it is the question of the time of day at which he works.

Just think for a moment when probably nine-tenths of all ordinary average hobby photography is done. Is not very nearly all of it divided between the early evening and the hour or two round about it and including the average photographer who takes an ordinarily intelligent and fairly successful interest in his hobby must admit that he always, or nearly always, tries to do his photographic work when there is what he calls "a good light."

Now this natural desire to do work like photography in "a good light" has led the majority into the error of working only in the full glare of the midday sun.

What has been the result?

The plain truth is that most photographs are spoiled as pictures, by being glaring reproductions, in which every detail, pleasant and unpleasant, "comes out well," as the phrase goes. And all because the picture was taken in that one thing, "a good light."

The midday light is of course all very well in its way, but the photographer who turns out so many pictures characteristically similar, not unnaturally yearns for some other sort of subject. And so it comes about that he turns his attentions to—sunsets. Now there is nothing to be said against sunsets as subjects for photography. They are among the most beautiful, wonderful, and inspiring experiences of life, and have their full effect upon the emotions of most men. But most sunset pictures are as likely as incessant midday pictures to lead to photographic biliousness.

Having exhausted both these subjects the photographer often lays aside his camera under the impression that there is nothing left to him.

If he only knew it, he is leaving a whole world of interest still untouched. This world is that which lies open to him now, in summer especially, from three o'clock in the morning until breakfast time.

The early morning is, to the vast majority of us, a time entirely unknown. It is a new world that few have, photographically, so far discovered. I would earnestly advise every photographer sick of the glaring sunlight pictures or the "At Eventide" sort of picture, to get up after midnight now and then to try for an early morning picture.

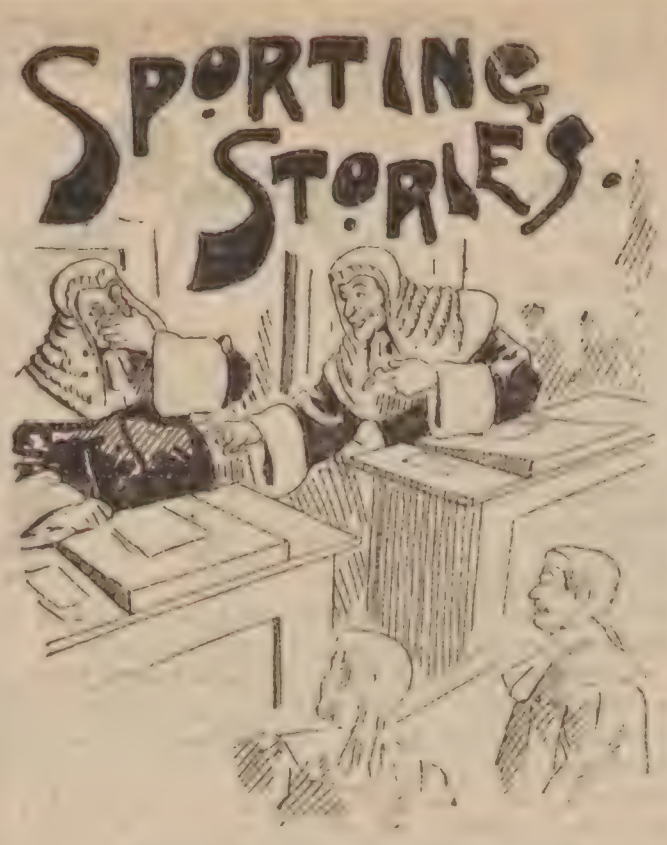
The experience will be enchanting. He will see the world for the first time in an entirely new light. Hitherto all of his work will have been done with the shadow of things falling north and east. Now for the first time he will see the shadows falling to the west, and the change in the look of the whole world that this fact will produce will be little short of amazing.

He will see landscapes and buildings, and mixtures of both, that offer him absolutely new points of view and new pictures. He will see the world in its freshest early morning dress, and will watch the extraordinary effect of a growing light.

Here, I would remark, is in no sense like the evening twilight, which is a failing light.

Here then, in the first three hours of summer light is a field for the photographer in which nothing has been done, and in which there is infinite opportunity.

A. GARFIELD.



SATAN REPROVING SIN.

He had brushed his feet most carefully on the mat in the hall, and he brushed them once again on the mat outside the library door. He pulled his waistcoat down, set his tie straight, and entered.

"Ah, it's you, John," said his master.

With that he deliberately flicked the ash from his cigar, while the groom touched his forelock and looked almost as uncomfortable as he felt.

"John," said his master again. "I am sorry that you told me a falsehood about the smashing of that bottle of embrocation in the stable."

"Well, sir, it was——"

"Please don't attempt to excuse yourself, but pray accept the warning. If there is one thing I cannot stand it is untruthfulness."

The man in authority broke off as the door opened, and the groom turned his cap uneasily in his hands.

"Yes, what is it?" said the man in authority, addressing the housemaid who had entered.

"Please, sir," she said, "Mr. Brown from the tax-collector's office has called and wants to see you."

"Tell him I'm out," said the man in authority.

And somehow or another after that the groom did not feel half so uneasy.

STILL WORSE.

She laid the luscious berry upon her plate, and her beautiful face became distorted with a grimace of sheer disgust.

"I wonder," she said, "whether there is anything more disgusting in all the world than to find a worm in a strawberry."

"Yes," he replied. "I think, perhaps, there is. It is to find half a worm in a strawberry, because then you know that you have eaten the other half."

THAT WAS ALL.

"Gladys Violet," shouted the lady of the house. (You might guess without our telling you that she was addressing her domestic servant, for in these days it is only domestic servants who have such beautiful names.) "What in the wide world are you doing with that policeman?"

Gladys Violet disentangled herself, smoothed some straying locks, and stood more or less at attention.

"Nothin', ma'am," she said. "You see I'm a Suffragette, and I was just practising a new ju-jitsu fall."

WHY?—

WITH REASONS.

Why does Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson dance for charity?

Because charity covers a multitude of shins.

* * *

Why did the "Globe" recently inquire "What is a Journalist?"

Because nobody on the staff knows.

* * *

Why is a celebrated county cricketer and triple Blue seen so seldom in the field nowadays?

Because he thinks it is too hot to "see beef fry."

* * *

Why has Mr. Oddenino given his new restaurant the title of the Capitol?

Because he wants the popular comment to be "It's an odd 'un, I know!"

* * *

Why are Mr. Lewis Waller's lady admirers called the K.O.W.'s?

Because—Well, look at the word. It isn't necessary to rub it in.

* * *

Why are Winston and his friends so keen on Disestablishment?

Because they think it will make the Church ill.

* * *

Why do the ladybirds flock in such force to regattas?

Because the cock-swain is such a prominent figure there.

* * *

Why is the leading feature of the "Daily Mail" called the "Small Want Ad."?

Because there is such a small want for it.

* * *

Why does Mr. Balfour so frequently play golf?

Because he is anxious to get on well with his "clique."

* * *

Why is Mr. Frank Curzon going to marry Miss Isabel Jay?

Because he is the only member of the theatrical profession who can afford to "get the bird."

C. SCOTT.

MODERN TAILORING

calls for expert treatment.

There **must** be style and shape in every garment.

BARNARD Bros.

will give you the attention that is so essential, whether ——you call or send your order through the post.——

Speciality: Cashmere Suit, TWO GUINEAS.

Perfect in fit and style.

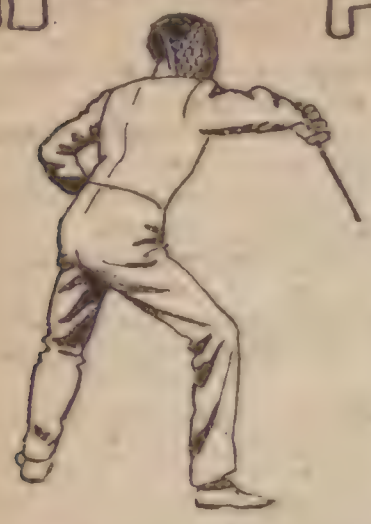
For sporting wear there is no coat like the "LINK-ON." Price 32/6 in real Harris, &c.

Simple self-measurement form, ensuring perfect accuracy, sent with patterns post free.

BARNARD BROS.,
80, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

SOUTH LONDON ADDRESSES:
54, HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.
11, ELECTRIC AVENUE, BRIXTON, S.W.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE CARE OF THE THROAT AND MOUTH.

Comparatively few men realise what a very dangerous place the mouth is. Bits of food get caught in the teeth and lie there decaying, the bad matter resulting being swallowed and so spoiling the digestion, to say nothing of the damage to the teeth.

It is the brushing that is important rather than the powder or paste used. A good brushing with plain water will prove quite effective.

Always gargle the throat on rising and just before going to bed. Some men, especially on the Sunday, indulge in what is no less than a beastly habit of having breakfast in bed, before they have either washed or attended to the mouth and throat.

If, when you get to camp, you find you have forgotten your tooth-brush, which is by no means unlikely, get hold of a twig and smash up the end so that the split pieces form a rough brush. This can be easily done with a hammer or mallet, and the frayed ends of the stick make a tooth-brush which is at least more efficient than the only other alternative, the finger.

A HINT FOR CAMP.

Everyone who has done any marching worth speaking of knows how fatal it is to have a drink by the way, and many people find themselves utterly unable to eat without something to wash it down.

These unfortunates will be glad to hear that two or three lumps of sugar have tremendous bucking-up power and moisten the mouth and throat splendidly. Sugar being so easily digested, produces the restoring power throughout the system sooner almost than any other food.

A BACK-DEVELOPER.

Stand erect with the feet together, and bend down until the upper part of the body is horizontal, without the knees being bent at all.

Place the hands at the back of the right knee as shown in the sketch, interlacing the fingers, and leaving the thumbs pointing towards the ground at the sides of the leg.

Keep the arms unbent.

Now slowly straighten the back without altering the relative positions of the body, arms, and the upper part of the right leg, but bending that leg at the knee.

Continue this movement until the body is erect, the head thrown back, and the thigh horizontal.

Remain in this position for a moment or two, balancing yourself on the left leg, and then bend forward again, straightening the right leg as you do so, until the foot is returned to the ground, the arms still being straight and in the same position.

Transfer the hands so as to grasp the back of the left knee in the same way, and repeat the exercise with the left leg raised from the ground.

These movements are especially good for the muscles of the small of the back and the shoulders, and also in a less degree for the legs and arms.

It is essential, however, that they should be done slowly, and an excellent way of ensuring this is to exert as much resistance as possible by means of the leg that is being raised.

TO CURE COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

Those who suffer from colour-blindness are under a grave disadvantage, but very few take the trouble to find out whether the disease, for it is no less, is a curable one.

In many cases it can be cured, and by very simple means. If you are slightly colour-blind, get a collection of bits of coloured paper and pick out the various colours. Ask a friend to correct you. Go at it again, and in time you will find yourself improving, until you have no difficulty in recognising the right colours. Always practise, too, by looking at the coloured lights in the chemists' shops at nights, and at the many-hued posters which will provide examples of almost every shade of colour.

FOR ABDOMEN AND LEGS.

Lie at full length on your back on the floor or on a good hard bed. Stretch the arms out close to the sides, with the palms of the hands absolutely flat on the ground and the fingers outstretched.

Now raise both legs together, keeping them straight and unbent, with the feet as much as possible in the same straight line as the legs.

The two legs must be pressed close together all the time they are moving slowly upwards.

The bringing up of both legs at the same time will be a matter of no small difficulty at first. In an earlier number I have given an exercise in which the legs are raised separately, but this is more easily done.

A hollow back is essential for this exercise.

The position of the hands on the floor will give you steadiness and prevent any movement to one side.

The difficulty will come when you first lift the legs from the floor. It is easily got over by raising them with a jerk, but in this way the whole benefit of the exercise is lost.

Keep a hollow back throughout, and do not attempt to bring the legs further over towards the head than they will go without allowing the centre of the spine to touch the floor.

The back of the thighs and the abdominal muscles will be the parts of the body on which the strain is greatest.

LUNGING EXERCISE.

There is one exercise in constant use in the fencing school which all who wish to secure a steady wrist and a straight eye ought to adopt.

Put a chalk mark the size of a sixpence on your bedroom wall and get hold of a light walking-stick.

Stand in a lunging position—that is, with your right arm outstretched, right foot forward, and the knee bent so that the point of the stick which is held in the right hand just touches the mark on the wall.

Keep the left leg stationary and bring the right foot back with the stick held "on guard." Lunge forward and attempt to hit the mark with the end of the stick.

This is an exercise which looks very easy, but it will take a good deal of regular practice [illegible] you can touch the spot three times in succe[illegible]

When you have mastered the exercise, c[illegible] the weight of the stick and begin over again.

Those who go in for revolver-shooting will f[illegible] that a course of this exercise will steady the w[illegible] amazingly, while those that are keen on s[illegible] with the singlesticks ought to use it because of [illegible] confidence it gives to the nse of the wrist.

A useful auxiliary exercise is to stretch a p[illegible] of catapult-elastic, say, between your bed-post a[illegible] the wall, and practise the downward cut on to it.

Do not let the stick fly up at once. Keep [illegible] elastic down for half a minute or so.

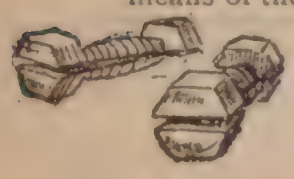
This is invaluable in developing the muscles [illegible] the forearm and will add considerably [illegible] weight of your cut.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL
PACKED FREE. CARRIAGE PAID.
MEAD Coventry Flyer
Warranted Fifteen Years. [illegible]
Tyres; Coasters, Speed Gears; [illegible]
From £2. 15s.
500 Shop-soiled and Second-hand Cycles
Write for Free Art Catalogue and
Offer on Sample Machine. Agents wanted
Established 23 years.
MEAD CYCLE CO., 11, Paradise Street, [illegible]

HOW TO LIVE TO BE 100.

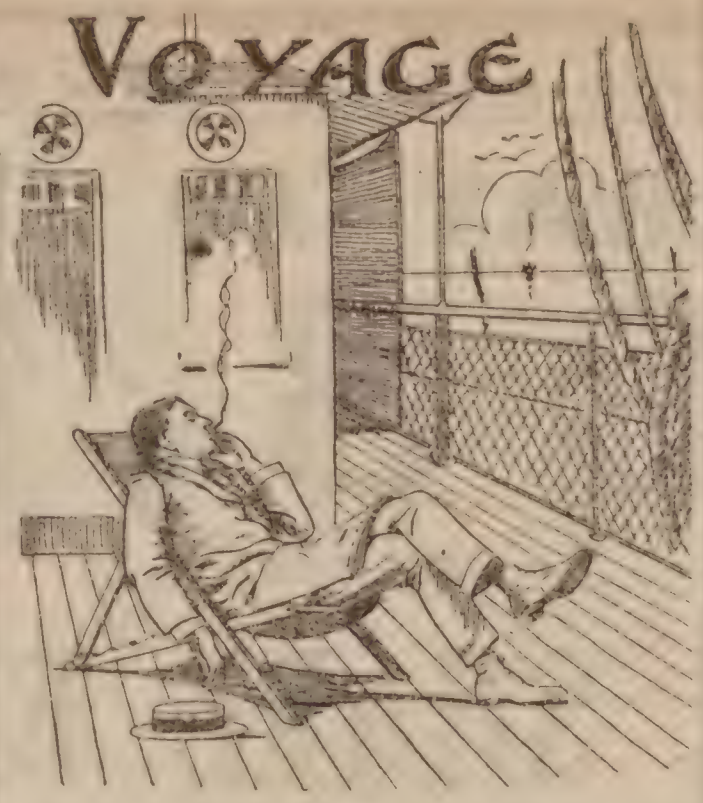
Much has been written in an endeavo[illegible] show how one may live to reach 100 ye[illegible] age, but the consensus of opinion [illegible] health experts and our leading medical m[illegible] that this age can only be reached by a p[illegible] who, in the first instance, has a perfect co[illegible] tution and who does not impair vitality [illegible] staminal power by any unnatural m[illegible] living. To reach this age, one m[illegible] word, follow nature. The first law [illegible] is *exercise*. Beyond this one must [illegible] tion to diet, baths, bathing, sleep, [illegible] have regular hours, avoid worry, [illegible] plenty of fresh air. All the above [illegible] many others relating to health cult[illegible] cise, and hygienic living are fully ex[illegible] a most interesting booklet, entitled "He[illegible] Home," published by Mr. Thomas Inch, [illegible] M.M., 676 & 676A, Fulham Road, [illegible] S.W. Any reader mentioning Mo[illegible] will immediately receive a copy and [illegible] treatment. If but one year be added [illegible] span of life through Professor Inch's [illegible] it must be considered that the money [illegible] asked is a most profitable and de[illegible] vestment. Every reader is earnestly [illegible] mended to get in touch with Profes[illegible] at once.

THE SPORTING TIMES
Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un"
Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.
Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.
WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.
Published Every Friday.
At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



On a Sea Voyage

LITTLE DETAILS THAT MAKE FOR COMFORT.



There is, perhaps, no situation which is productive of more intense temporary discomfort than being at sea on a rough day; and in view of the fact that increased facilities for travelling are inducing more and more people every day to go abroad—especially to France—for short periods, it is very probable that a great many of our readers will take their holidays in this way.

It is possible that the few hints contained in the following article may be appreciated by a good many men on their first trip. But from the seasoned salts we crave diffidently beg the favour of merciful silence. Our hints, of course, are intended chiefly for those to whom *mal de mer* is a thing without certain disquieting elements.

THE VIRTUES OF A SQUARE MEAL.

It is an old but very true saying that seasickness always makes a strong attack on the empty stomach. Thus it is advisable to eat as much as possible before going on board.

If, indeed, you are a very bad sailor, or the sea promises to be very rough, it is a bad plan to take a mild soporific, go aboard an hour or so before the ship starts, then lie down, and by the time she is in the rolling that otherwise would have so disturbed you, will simply serve to increase the soundness of your slumbers. This dodge, however, will only be of use on a short trip, say from Dover to Calais, or across the Irish Channel.

It is a strange fact that the most powerful men seem to fall the easiest prey to seasickness. Experience has shown us that Rugby footballers on foreign tours suffer very severely from it, as a general rule.

THE BEST POSITION.

If you elect to stay on deck and "go through it," always keep forward of the smoke-stacks, if possible, on a steamer. Otherwise, the reek from the funnels will make you feel ill at once. But don't go so far forward as to be near the men's quarters, for the smell of any food that is there being prepared for them—and this in most cases takes the form of particularly rank bacon—will not tend to strengthen your stomach.

Avoid the engines, too, if you can; for the continual throb-throb of these brings on seasickness very quickly in anyone who is not a practised seafarer.

Here and there, on the deck, you will come across gratings, through which hot and oily steam comes up from the nether regions. Give them a wide berth, too, for the same reason.

Many men are wont, entirely without malice, and probably in sincere sympathy, to watch the sufferings of the other sea-sick passengers; but this is not advisable, for the contemplation will make you ill yourself in time.

The writer—probably one of the most squeamish sailors in existence—was once given the following hint by one of the sailors of a cross-channel packet-boat.

GETTING YOUR "SEA LEGS."

Stand with your legs fairly wide apart and "roll with the ship" as it were. That is, when she rolls to port incline slightly in that direction, too, gradually straightening your position as she rights herself, and so on.

This is said to be the first step towards the acquirement of your "sea-legs."

Probably, however, on your first voyage you will not be able to stall off an attack of the demon *mal de mer*. And when it captures you, you will naturally proceed to one side of the ship and prepare to suffer like a Briton.

When you do this, always remember to go to leeward, *i.e.*, the side of the ship furthest from the direction of the wind. The fairly obvious reason is the protection of your own clothes.

Lastly, if you are a good sailor yourself, and you are going only on a short journey, refrain from smoking if you are near any squeamish passengers. Even in habitual smokers, this is enough to bring on sea-sickness.

C. C. CORLEY.

Smart City Suits

ON EASY TERMS

A perfect fitting and highly finished Suit from

30/-

to measure.

Delivered on first payment, balance by weekly or monthly instalments. 10 % allowed for cash.

Cut by West-End Cutters in

WEST-END STYLE,

and Tailored by first-class workmen only.

Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges and Fancies. Call or write for Free Patterns.

RUSSELL & CO.,
42, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.
58, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

TO SMALL INVESTORS

STOCKS & SHARES

should be bought and sold through
FARROW'S BANK, LTD.,
The People's Bank.

PURCHASES.

The Bank buys Stocks and Shares of all descriptions, quoted or unquoted, and advances money to complete the purchase.

SALES.

Customers selling their Stocks and Shares through the Bank can anticipate and draw the amount of the purchase money immediately the Sale takes place without waiting for the next Stock Exchange settling day.

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

The People's Bank.

Head Office: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

(The Sign of the N. S. E. is the Size of the £ s. d.)

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

£393,710

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

When you hear of men and women who—having had no particular advantages, either of education or financial training—are steadily making money and accumulating wealth you ask yourself the question, How do they do it? It is quite simple when we explain.

Our clients are men and women of all classes, but they have used the key of the door to wealth by filling in such a coupon as that below.

No one is excluded. When convinced of the success of our system of money-making, anyone who chooses can become a client. The following figures show the amount paid away to clients week by week for 1910 :—

Our Weekly Record for 1910.

Jan. 5	£313,460	Mar. 2	£338,060	May 4	£364,100
„ 12	316,650	„ 9	341,270	„ 11	367,200
„ 19	319,900	„ 16	344,120	„ 18	369,920
„ 26	322,780	„ 23	347,330	„ 25	373,270
Feb. 2	325,750	„ 30	350,680	June 1	376,070
„ 9	328,970	April 6	353,400	„ 8	377,750
„ 16	331,920	„ 13	355,960	„ 15	380,850
„ 23	334,730	„ 20	359,010	„ 22	383,800
		„ 27	361,690	„ 29	386,480

These figures—money paid to clients all over the country, by cheques, bank notes, by money orders, postal orders, all in hard cash, through the post and over the counter (Daily Cash Settlements)—are the one invincible argument that our system is what we say it is—a money-maker. All other similar firms may use what verbal phrases they are obliged to use in the absence of figures showing what they have paid away, but we remind you that we have paid away over one-third of a million pounds sterling to clients through our system.

THE KEY of the Door to Wealth is the Coupon Below, filled in and posted.

This Coupon is the Key of the Door to Wealth. We have paid Clients over one-third of a million. But there are more profits to be made through us than have ever been made.

THE KEY OF THE DOOR TO WEALTH.

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) your 40 page and other lists of cheques, totalling £393,710, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque or batch of cheques that I may select. Also particulars of the system of money making for clients.

M.M.
23.7.10

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
.....
(Please write distinctly.)
DATE .....

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

FINDING WORK.

The methods that a man adopts in looking for work employment necessarily depend on the type of job that he wishes to fill.

In the case of the man who works with his hands, a written application is seldom necessary, and what power the application might give to the clerk, or head-worker, is denied to him. Nevertheless he can do much to make his chances better than those of other applicants for the opening.

I have had a good deal of experience with regard to what might be called manual labour, and when I have interviewed applicants it has been pathetic to me to observe the well-meaning but mistaken efforts some of them have made to smarten themselves up.

The young working-man's Sunday best is, according to the custom of his class, rather showy as a rule, and for him to put it on when applying for a job is likely to prejudice his employer against him.

What he ought to look out for is simply cleanliness.

If he is a working-man the employer wants, he does not look at the cut and age of his suit, but would like to have a man who is clean and trim in appearance, for he knows that such a man is likely to be a good worker.

As to head-work jobs, the best advice I can give the applicant is to send a photograph with his application.

The employer knows very well that, of the ninety or so letters that he receives, at least twenty or thirty are from men who could fill the post. Which of these shall he take? He would like to see them all, but he does not care to distract a large number, and so he invites only a few to call upon him.

How are those whom he is going to invite? They are the men whose letters have in some way attracted his attention.

The letter that is well written and well put arrests his attention, but, above all, he is prejudiced in favour of the man who sends a photograph, and especially so if his advertisement has not asked for photographs to be sent, for in such a case the sending of it shows a certain amount of initiative and enterprise likely to be useful in business.

Be careful in the matter of photographs there are opportunities for the unwary to make a false step. Recently with an application for a post a man sent me an amateurish and untoned snapshot of himself, which he had outlined in pencil.

The impression one receives from a thing like that is not very favourable.

Surely if you are out for a job it is worth your while to have a few photographs taken by the best photographer in your town.

This costs something, but the expense is not one that should be shirked by the man who wants a job.

Most applicants for posts realise the necessity of writing a letter that will attract attention, but go the wrong way about it and produce an effect that, although it might go down in New York, certainly does not do so in London. "I am the man you want," and that sort of thing, is as distasteful to the London business man as a bit of swank in his eye.

What the clerical worker should do, therefore, in the matter of making an application is to keep to the facts, to give all the necessary facts, and also to send his photograph.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

AS THINGS STAND.

All markets on the Stock Exchange are dull and unprofitable at the time of writing, but there is very little "Bull" account left and it would not take much buying to raise prices quickly from the present low level.

AMERICANS.

Now is the opportunity for the investor in this market. Prices may go still lower, but those who buy and pay for their stock need not worry about that, as America is a country of tremendous natural resources, and slack trade simply cannot last long.

United States Steel Preferred Shares look cheap at 120dols., yielding six per cent. to the investor at the price, and the chances are that a purchaser will be able to sell at a nice profit before the year is out, which might easily make the yield on the outlay at the rate of twenty to thirty per cent. per annum, over and above the usual quarterly dividend of 1¾ dols. per share.

Besides the 506,000,000dols. Common Stock receiving five per cent. per annum, the capacity output of the Trust has been increased from 6,450,000 to 14,500,000 tons without any increase in capital. Consequently the security to the investor in the seven per cent. Cumulative Preferred Shares is unbounded, both as to principal and interest.

MEXICAN MINES.

Amongst the very few shares quoted on the Stock Exchange which have improved in price during the last month are the Carmen Mines of El Oro and the Mexico Mines of El Oro.

The former have risen from 20s. to 50s., and the latter from £8 to £9 15s., ex-dividend of 5s., which makes the rise equal to £2 per share.

Although the Mexico Mines of El Oro, Ltd., has only been working for two and a half years, it has already managed to pay dividends amounting to 132½ per cent. The mine is earning at the rate of £13,000 a month. The Carmen Mines of El Oro possess 240 acres of mining land, and, as the engineers expect to strike the rich vein at any moment, the shares look cheap compared with those of the Mexico Mines of El Oro, which company owns only 49 acres.

MEXICAN RAILWAY CO.

We are now in possession of the figures showing the net profits for the first five months and the gross takings for June of this Company, and from these we reckon there is not the slightest shadow of doubt that the dividend on the Second Preferred Stock will be paid in full; consequently we can only reiterate the advice we gave last week, namely, to buy. Notwithstanding the heavy fall which has taken place in most markets, the price of this stock has remained firm at about 89.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

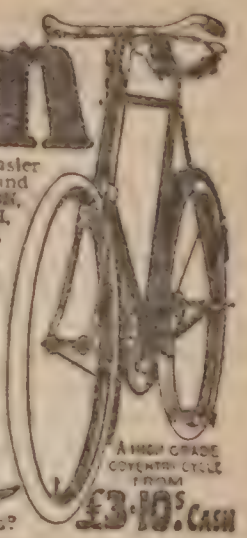
R. C. (Reading).—Send us all the papers you mention, and we shall advise you.

J. P. B. (Durham). — An endowment policy is what you want.

H. M. (Bradford).—We are making inquiries on your behalf, and shall let you know the result.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

BUY FROM O'Brien



I offer you longer credit and far easier payment terms than anyone else. Brand new latest model SWIFT, REMINGTON, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, ROVER, PEUGEOT, PEOGRESS, CENTAUR, QUADRANT, SINGER, HUMBER and other cycles supplied

AT 5/- MONTHLY.

Immediate delivery. Sent on approval. 12 years' guarantee. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for free lists TO-DAY.

EDWARD O'BRIEN, LTD., World's Largest Cycle Dealer (Dept. 102), COVENTRY.

5/- PER MONTH.

A HIGH GRADE COVENTRY CYCLE FROM £3-10-0 CASH

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

£4 TO £7 EARNED WEEKLY

BY MEN and WOMEN at HOME or TRAVELLING.

LET US START YOU.

No experience needed. Our Agents made over £5,000 last two months, supplying the enormous demand for our famous "CENTURY THERMAL" BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-Agents. Mr. Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £72 the first three months. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss Elsie Cooper, £3 while teaching. J. W. Markham, clerk, £9 in six weeks.

EVERYBODY BUYS! business men, families and physicians.

WHY WORK FOR OTHERS? *Be Your Own Master!*

Write for Agent's Proposition No. 556, and mention MODERN MAN.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd. (Dept. 556), 205, Regent Street, London, W.

Oatine

Even the keenest razor often irritates the skin. Apply OATINE after shaving—it stops the burning and soothes the skin.

A FREE SAMPLE

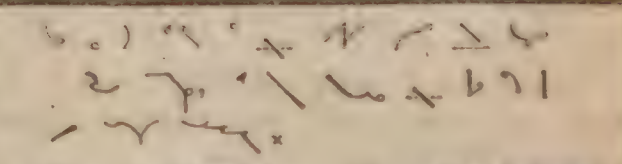
of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred), a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Bldgs., Mermaid Ct., London, S.E.

GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A nice manly moustache speedily grows at any age by using "Mousta," the only True Moustache Forcer. Success Positively Guaranteed. Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage.

T. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Road, London, N. (Send 7d.)



120 WORDS A MINUTE IN 6 WEEKS

guaranteed under Hubert Stewart's Simplified Method of teaching (Pitman's) SHORTHAND. Postal Lessons. Prospectus Free.

"SHORTHAND (Pitman's) for RAPID LEARNING" By HUBERT STEWART. Just Published, 3s. net.

"THE ADVENTURES OF PROSPECTORS" (in Shorthand), 3d. Obtainable at

THE STEWART SHORTHAND-TYPING ACADEMY, 104, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

PRACTICE WITH A REVOLVER

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD BEGINNING.

Doubtless, there are a great many men among our readers whose previous acquaintance with a revolver has been through the intermediary of a shooting gallery; but who have at last decided to take up the art as a regular hobby.

To such men these few hints—given on the authority of one of the world's foremost shots—will doubtless be of assistance; and they may possibly, at the same time, lead to the prevention of serious accidents.

Besides your target it is indispensable to have a background. The best form of this is a high sandy bank, or a long pile of sticks. If your position is as far off as fifty yards, a high wall will do.

But at shorter distances there is always the danger of ricochets.

Next you should take a firm table, not very broad, and place it in front of you as you face the target, which should be about ten yards away.

WHAT THE TABLE IS FOR.

The principal object of the table is to prevent you, when loading, from shooting down at your feet.

Place your revolver, empty, upon the table, lying on its left side, and pointing towards the target. Take it in your hands *only* to load and fire it. When you are not actually using it, it should always be lying, *empty*, upon the table. In this way, the risk of accident will be reduced to a minimum.

Next you should study the correct position for firing. Stand facing the target, with your right foot pointing straight towards the latter, and your left heel about six or nine inches, according to your size, to the left of the right foot, and about an inch behind it.

Hold yourself perfectly upright, not craning your head forward; and let your arm hang straight down and close to your side. Many good shots affect the position of resting the left hand on the hip; but this is not advisable except in a high wind, when you will perhaps find yourself deviating from your aim. Then a hard pressure of the left hand on the thigh will be of considerable assistance to you.

Now lift your revolver with your right-hand, and cock it by putting your thumb on the hammer and pulling downwards. With practice, you will be able to do this very easily.

THE FIRING POSITION.

Hold the weapon with your arm stretched to its fullest extent, the thumb stretched out along the revolver, and the "pulling-finger" (the index) outside the trigger-guard until you want to fire.

It used to be held by many experts that the firing-arm should be [illegible] nowadays the highest [illegible] ties prefer the straight position.

At first your hand will [illegible] very much from side to side, and up and [illegible] This is, in a great measure, because you are [illegible] breathing properly.

Take a long breath, sufficient to fill your [illegible] Aiming so that both the sights are in line [illegible] the middle of the bottom edge of the [illegible] slip your forefinger inside the trigger [illegible] against the trigger, and press on it, [illegible] but straight back.

GETTING STEADY.

Always hold your breath when the revolver is levelled. If you feel you want to take a breath before you are satisfied with your aim, lower your pistol to do so. Then try again.

Squeezing the butt of the revolver is an important point. When your hand is [illegible] previous to raising the weapon to aim, it should handle a light grip, increasing the pressure gradually as you come up, so that at the moment of firing your grasp on it is at its tightest.

Never make the mistake, common to [illegible] shots, of turning the hand sideways so that the sights incline slightly to the left or right. This will always send the shot towards the side to which the sights are inclined. The barrel should always be perfectly horizontal.

By the way, it is just as good practice, and safer, to learn to aim with an *empty* revolver until you have become accustomed to the use of your weapon. Then, when you use cartridges you will neither waste them, nor be a source of danger to your neighbours.

A revolver club is easily started by a few enterprising young men. The original outlay is very small, and a range can be rented, especially in a country district, for next to nothing. Owing to the short range, it needs scarcely any fitting, the main essential being a good stop-butt.

T. F. WATSON.

A SUIT FOR A GENTLEMAN.

It is admitted by all dressy men that a white slip, showing for just the correct space above the waistcoat, adds greatly to the general smartness of the appearance.

There are several kinds of slips, but the only one that does not move about and get out of place is the kind that is buttoned to the inside of the waistcoat. The trouble hitherto has been that the slips supplied by the haberdasher never have the buttonholes in the right place to fit the buttons put inside the vest by the tailor.

Realising this, and realising the smartness that a slip imparts to a suit, we have decided absolutely to give away white slips with our latest Navy Blue Suit.

Every suit will be fitted with buttons to take the slip, and the buttonholes will be exactly in the right place.

King George always wears a white slip. You have never seen a photo of him without one.

The suit is made of a special serge, indigo dye, which is not affected by sun or sea air.

A blue suit always looks gentlemanly, and every man should have one.

We absolutely guarantee that the suit will fit you.

If you have any fault to find with it, return it to us, and we shall immediately return your money in full, without argument or discussion.

Patterns and self-measurement forms will be sent with pleasure to any address.

The Price is only

50s.

And remember that you are getting the latest London cut and finish, something that no provincial tailor can possibly attain, whatever price he charges.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

J. & H. ELLIS,

THE FIRM WHO FITTED THE KING.

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

(Close to Ludgate Circus).

To which address application for free patterns should also be made.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S TEMPTATION

By ADAM STERN.

Among the men whom Richard could be sure of seeing on the ten-twenty train to Birmingham every Thursday morning was Mr. Thomas Greatrex, of the Greatrex Steel Stamping Company, Moulden.

Thursday, it may be explained, is Exchange day (Iron Exchange) in Birmingham, and the occasion attracts business men from all parts of the Black Country district, Moulden naturally included.

Richard's custom, in common with the rest, was in colloquial parlance, to do the round of his customers in the morning, picking up what inquiries and orders there were knocking about, and in the afternoon to spend an hour on 'Change, chatting with acquaintances here and there, and transacting his business, if any he had to transact, purely as an incidental to friendly converse.

The British phlegmatic temperament, said truly to be leaving us, is nowhere more apparent than on the Birmingham Iron Exchange.

The members studiously disregard the chief purpose of their meeting. All hint of the existence of commercial dynamics is, as though by unanimous agreement, suppressed. There is the buzz of a hundred voices engaged in casual talk, aided by no gesticulation, heightened by no excitement.

The crowd overflows on to the pavement outside, where groups of twos and threes slowly break up and re-form, fills the neighbouring bars, the restaurant tables, the hotel smoke-rooms. Matters involving ten pounds, or ten times a thousand pounds, are discussed and settled with equal unconcern.

It is a gossipy gathering, an opportunity for social intercourse between men who would seldom meet otherwise, a relaxation from the sterner duties of the week.

Essentially British, typically masculine, it represents the keenest brains, the shrewdest intelligences, the soundest judgments of the metal trades of the Midlands, the Midlands which may rightly be considered the body of commercial England.

Two, in the whole, and influenced by its were Mr. Thomas Greatrex and Richard

The former—"Tom" to his friends—Richard had known practically all his life.

He was a homely-looking man of about fifty, with a short, pointed, brown beard, hardly as yet touched with grey, and deep-set twinkling brown eyes. He invariably wore a square black felt hat and a blue suit, with the coat buttoned tightly over his burly figure.

He had a genial, straightforward way with him, to which he owed a good deal of his popularity and no little of his worldly success, for none could help but feel that what Tom Greatrex did and said was the square thing.

He entered the carriage where Richard was seated and deposited himself in the corner opposite, nodding a general good-day as he opened out his paper.

The half-hour's journey was almost completed when he addressed Richard.

"Going on 'Change this afternoon?" he queried.

"Same as usual," said Richard.

"What time?"

"About three."

"May see you there."

"Right-o," said Richard.

No more was said, but Richard knew it implied an appointment.

As he was leaving Snow Hill Station, Greatrex detained him for another word.

"Half-past three in the 'Midland' smoke-

room," he said. "I want to see you about something particular."

"Righto," said Richard, again.

He wondered momentarily what the reason could be, for he and Greatrex did no business together. Finding no answer, he dismissed the subject.

It was an unproductive morning for him. He lost a couple of substantial orders through being underquoted by a competitor whose standard of quality was below that to which he worked. Richard understood the value of reputation, and did not care to prejudice it for the sake of temporary advantage.

Nevertheless, he was annoyed. His factory, small as it was, was slack for want of orders, and he had hoped to secure the two in question. It was a period of depression to which the chain-trade is constantly subject.

Had Richard admitted the fact to himself, he was depressed as well.

Fortune, formerly generous, was treating him in niggardly fashion. He was undergoing the long wait which is such a trial of patience, the interval of slogging monotony when each day seems the same as the last and neither provides any evidence of advancement. Lack of capital crippled his initiative; stubborn in dependence of character would not allow him to accept outside help. He must win his own for himself, otherwise it would be scarcely worth the having. He had done it once; he could do it again.

But it was significant that he had often, and more often, to remind himself of the latter part of this self-encouragement.

He could do it again! But when? How long?

The strongest of men, once having fallen, have to combat an insidious fatalistic notion that it is not alone circumstances which are against them, but inherent ill-luck.

Punctually at the appointed time he entered the smoke-room of the Midland Hotel, and, after looking about, found Greatrex, in company with another man, seated at a small table.

Greatrex's companion was sallow, clean-shaven and clever-looking, wearing a silk hat, which, with foreign courtesy, he removed on being introduced to Richard.

"This is him," said Greatrex, with homely bluntness. "Richard, a friend o' mine from Belgium, Mr. Leblon."

"Pleased to meet you," said Richard.

"We've got something good to put before you," continued Greatrex. "First of all, what y' having?"

Richard named his drink, accepted a cigar from the Belgian, and gave his attention.

"Can I speak frank?" said Greatrex, beginning again. "You'll know I don't ask questions for the sake of asking 'em."

"Frank as you like," said Richard.

"How's biz?"

"Tidyish."

"On the slow side, ain't it?"

"Nothing sensational."

"If it was, you'd be better off than most in your line. Now as to the future: how's that looking?"

It was a straightforward query, deserving a straightforward reply. Richard gave it.

"Not so bright as I could wish," he said.

"A long job, eh?"

"That hits it."

"Unless something special turns up."

"Unless something special turns up," agreed Richard.

"Well, it has. Something extra special, if my opinion counts for anything."

"Good," said Richard, and he transferred his gaze to the face of the Belgian.

With a gesture the latter indicated that Greatrex would continue. He was watching Richard with the appraising eye of a good judge of men.

"I've taken the liberty," Greatrex went on, "of telling our friend all about you—about the business you worked up, and the money you made——"

"And the misfortune which deprived you of both," interjected Mr. Leblon, speaking excellent English.

"Through no fault of your own," added Greatrex, with a stare that snubbed the other for his interruption. "And it's enough for me, and it's enough for Mr. Leblon, that you're just the man we want. I've had my eye on you all along, and you ain't done much I haven't noticed. That's going back a year or two, ain't it?"

Richard smiled, waiting.

"Well, now to business. Mr. Leblon here is the manager o' one o' the largest enamelled-holloware manufactories in Belgium. I supply him with stampings; that's how I come to know him."

"Most of the steel-stampings used are made in your country," put in Mr. Leblon.

"Yes," said Richard.

"If you know anything about the enamelled-holloware trade, as I expect you do," proceeded Greatrex, "it won't be news to you that the English makers are *dear*. They can turn out good stuff, but it's *heavy*, and can't compete with the rub—with the light stuff the Belgian and German works turn out."

Richard nodded.

"They've tried often, but it's never been much good. Barring the first quality lines of the well-known brands, most of what's used comes from abroad. It's funny, but there it is. We can make the stampings, but we can't give 'em a light coat of enamel and turn 'em out *white*. Take that for granted.

"Now, one of the reasons is that we can't mix the chemicals right. The men that do it are mostly foreigners, and even among them—those that know the secret—the good 'uns are rare. Mr. Leblon is one of the rare 'uns. All the stuff turned out by his works is made according to his recipe.

"I'm coming to the point, only I want you to understand things first," he explained.

"I'm in no hurry," said Richard.

"Deliberate does it. That's what has always been my motto. I fancy it's been the same with you. I don't want an answer to this proposal right away, mind you."

Richard nodded, committing himself neither way.

"Well, what we're going to do is to start a works over here. Leblon and me, and a few others who'll take no part except to put money in it. I'll be straight and say

they're members of his family and mine. I'm investing in the concern money that I'd set by for my girls, so that'll show whether I believe in it. It will be a private limited company with twenty-five thousand pounds capital—and more to come if it's wanted.

"Now, neither Leblon nor me can actively look after it. We've got our own businesses to see to. We want a man. We want *you*."

Richard, his face unmoved, felt his throat contract.

"We want somebody absolutely reliable—somebody who will faithfully work to instructions—somebody who can *handle men*."

"English workmen?" said Richard.

"English workmen," replied Greatrex. "An English concern. And one with big prospects, if my opinion counts. It's no experiment; it's a sound undertaking, to be run on proved lines. It's a big thing, and a big chance for you, Richard, if you won't mind my saying so."

Richard was silent a moment. The eyes of both men were fastened upon him, endeavouring to read his thoughts. He turned to Leblon.

"Won't this affect your trade?" he inquired.

"We have already more than we can do." Leblon answered. "The complaint of all customers is our long deliveries."

"Why not enlarge your works over there?"

"We anticipate that sooner or later your country will introduce a protective tariff."

"Ah, I see."

"A good argument for Tariff Reform, Richard," interposed Greatrex, genially.

"One of the trades it would benefit, evidently. But if that happened, where should I come in? You would have no particular use for me."

Greatrex answered him. The hard-headed Black Countryman had never got rid of his native distrust of a foreigner's integrity.

"If you take it on," he said, "you stop."

"Always providing I gave satisfaction," smiled Richard.

Greatrex ignored the contingency as superfluous.

"Our chaps work better for one o' themselves," he said. "We should always want you. You'd have an agreement, of course. As to terms. . . ." He paused doubtfully.

"Terms could no doubt be satisfactorily arranged after Mr. Selby has considered the matter," said Mr. Leblon, rather tartly. The second hint of insular prejudice had not escaped him.

But Richard continued to gaze at Greatrex—a third hint.

"Fact is," continued Greatrex, "it's a matter for you to decide as well as us. Sounds unbusinesslike, but I happen to know you. You wouldn't want more than the firm could stand, and you wouldn't take less than you think you're worth. I'll give you my idea, but if it doesn't suit you, say so. A thousand a year and ten per cent. of the profits. Or, if you'd rather have it, instead of the ten per cent., five thousand one-pound shares. I want you to have some interest in the business, because I believe you can make it boom if you like to try."

"You think rather highly of me," said Richard.

"I remember what you've already done, that's all."

Richard's reflections flashed back upon him.

He had done it once; he could do it again.

Here was a chance, and a great chance! It was, moreover, taken all in all, the greatest compliment he had yet had paid him as a business man.

"Don't decide now," he heard Greatrex saying. "You'll want to think it over—though, if my opinion counts, it isn't a job there can be many objections to. If any arise, I expect we can get over 'em."

He was sanguine, and pleased as much at the prospect of doing Richard a good turn as at getting his own way.

Mr. Leblon also added words of similar purport. His judgment had endorsed all that Greatrex had said of Richard.

Richard, his eyes absorbed, sat motionless. At length he rose abruptly to his feet.

"I've got an appointment at four-thirty," he said. "Then I'm getting back. Shall you be at home to-night, Tom?"

"Yes. And Mr. Leblon, too. He's coming along to spend the night with us."

"Right. I'll call about nine o'clock. It won't take me long to figure things out."

Before six o'clock he was in his office at Moulden.

In a few words he informed his friend Jim Graill of what had transpired.

Jim was elated, especially when Richard told him he would accept nothing unless he had a free hand, and that therefore a good berth for Jim was assured.

He left for Darley alone, Richard saying he would put up at Mark Gem's for that occasion. The two chain-makers employed in the forge went away at the same time, and Richard had the place to himself.

He busied himself with work in the office for half-an-hour or more, took some letters to the post, returned, and stood for a while leaning against his desk, lost in thought.

He looked about. The office was mean in size. At one time over a score of clerks had worked for him in airy, spacious offices. He had called a large manufactory his own. Now his works consisted of one shop, with three chain-making forges in it.

He went out to look upon them, too.

The shop was grey and cheerless in the waning light. The stale smell of smoke was in the air. One of the coke fires was still smouldering.

He drew down the bellows, and the fire sighed—again, and it glowed—again, and it roared, emitting sparks.

A meagre place. Built with his own hands—and meagre.

Great bitterness filled the heart of Richard Selby as his eyes slowly wandered round. It looked like failure. Yes, it looked like the feeble struggle of a beaten man.

He let go the bellows, allowing the fire to die down again, and his chest swelled with a deep breath.

Well, opportunity had opened out in another direction. A chance, a great chance was his! What vistas did it not reveal? Power. Fulfilment. Happiness. Love.

After all, why stick in a groove? He could make his way at anything. Once set his hand to the plough and——

Richard started as though someone had called.

And never turn back . . .

"My lord!" he said, thinking.

Stooping, he picked up a hammer from the ground and fingered it.

The tool of the chain-maker. The trade of chain-making to which he had already set his hand . . .

With a laugh Richard dragged off his coat, awoke the fire to life once more, and set to work . . .

* * * * *

Tom Greatrex, who lived in good style, in what he called his "snuggery," was alone, his guest, when Richard was announced.

A spirit tantalus and three glasses stood on the table. An open cigar-box was within easy reach.

They looked up expectantly. Greatrex got up, advancing with extended hand.

Then with curious suddenness he stopped. The intuition of a man is sometimes as wonderful as that of a woman.

"Don't think I am not grateful," said Richard. "But no."

"You've thought it all out?"

"I've thought it all out."

Greatrex looked ruefully at his friend.

"But——" began Lebron, staring.

"You won't alter him," said Greatrex, with a vigorous shake of the head. "He's that sort; I'm one myself."

Then to Richard, hospitably—"Sit down, lad. You've just come in time for supper."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

Special Positions for Special Men.

. . . . Hapgood's have hundreds of Special Positions open—High Grade Technical, Clerical, Organising, and Travelling Positions, carrying salaries ranging from £150—£1,000 a year, but they are positions which can only be filled by Men of Special Ability. If you are a man with more than the average amount of ability and with a desire to realise your true worth—write us to-day, or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 163-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

THE MAGIC OF "MUST."

It is perhaps not widely recognised that, for all that, it is a distinct power in the world's work, and especially in the world of business.

Have you, dear reader, ever been desirous of getting away from your office for some purpose that only concerned yourself, and been compelled to stay on until a late hour because letters have been written or a couple of troublesome figures made to tally with a certain entry in the ledger? You have. Then the odds that that work, whatever it was, was done in record time.

But it is in a newspaper office that the magic of "must" is most active. You are in the reporters' room engaged on a "story"—one of the best stories of your career—for which a column and a half is being reserved on the page opposite the leader. The great machines, ready for practice, thud mightily somewhere in the basement, and the persistent howls of the "printer" through the house telephone, of "Copy up, Jones! The machines are waiting!" make your pencil travel like lightning. If you are punctual to the minute you pin your work together. Your story has been written as much by you as by the magic of "must."

LAWS OF BOAT-RACING

The umpire may also act as starter. In the case of a false start, the boats may be recalled, and any boat persisting in starting before the signal is liable to disqualification.

A boat's proper course is that which will enable it to reach the winning-post in the shortest possible time, always provided that it allows every other competitor ample water to steer its proper course on the side on which it started, so long as the latter has not forfeited its right to its own water.

The umpire is the sole judge of a boat's proper course and decides all questions of fouls.

It is a foul when, after a race has started, any competitor, by his oar, scull, or person comes into contact with the oar, scull, boat, or person of another competitor.

If the umpire upholds the claim of a foul there are three courses open to him.

(1) Place the boats disqualified in the order in which they come in.

(2) Order the boats not disqualified to row again on the same day or another day.

(3) Re-start the boats not disqualified according to his discretion.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. H. H. (Fazeley).—Dog licences are not transferable. The fact that the previous owner holds one does not free you from the liability to purchase one. In fact, it may be said that the licence goes with the owner, not with the dog. By the payment of 7s. 6d. you become entitled to keep a dog, but you cannot pass the privilege on to anybody else.

G. G. (Woldingham).—We won't help you to devise novelties in the way of practical jokes, because we don't believe in them.

W. R. (Gloucester).—Don't worry about little things like these. It's better to have spots on your face than to have them on your reputation.

D. F. H. (R.H.A., Dilkusha).—We grasp your hand, over the seas. Many other Army men have become shareholders in THE MODERN MAN, Limited, and we are proud to have them as partners. This morning there were applications from Russia, Malta, and India, which shows all whom it may concern how wide is the influence of the paper.

J. L. (Bradford) informs us that our comments on the tyranny of adjutants and sergeant-majors do not apply to the 4th Batt. R.F.A. He names the various units in Bradford, and says all their adjutants and sergeant-majors are "what *you* would call damned good sportsmen." We hope they are. We also hope we should never use such a dreadful word in describing a man, unless he really was a damned good sort.

A. E. KING, 51, Hardcastle Street, Peckham, S.E., wants to meet a reader in his district who is a friendly sort-of-chap and keen on sport.

J. K. (Glasgow).—If your dog has been roaming about fields where artificial manure is lying, the best thing to do is to wash him thoroughly in hot water in which a quarter of a penny packet of permanganate of potash has been dissolved. Whenever he has a "doggy" smell wash him in this solution. Be careful not to use too much of the permanganate, or his coat will be dyed. Hope you will get a prize with him.

L. L. (Birmingham).—Roller-skating has certainly declined in London, but may revive in the winter. At any rate you should get some at Southend.

D. P. M. (Armagh).—The cheaper safety razors are every bit as good as the guinea ones. In using a safety razor you must exercise a certain amount of patience till you find just the right angle to hold it.

J. H. (Manchester) wants to know "Why the blazes the boys of Manchester don't show their badges?" Perhaps he hasn't visited the right quarters.

W. F. B. (Belfast).—Thanks for your offer to exhibit one of our posters in your office, but it would do very little good. If you want to oblige get your newsagent to promise to exhibit it. We shall send him one every week free of all cost if you can get him to promise it a show.

H. A. GIBBS, 13, Golborne Gardens, North Kensington, wants to meet League members in his district.

L. E. (Kennington).—We strongly object to Lord Northcliffe having one of his "Daily Mail" "want" advertisement circulars inserted in a copy of this paper. We never gave him permission to do so, and we resent the liberty he has taken.

A. J. AVELING, 136, Above Bar, Southampton, wants to correspond with readers in his town.

F. S. (Northampton).—The man who told you that the 'Varsity crews trained on marmalade was pulling your leg.

D. J. H. (Belfast).—Good-bye, and good luck, old chap! May you find all you desire in America is our heartfelt wish.

W. W. (High Wycombe).—An excellent embrocation can be made by mixing turpentine and sweet oil in equal parts and adding a glass of whisky (the latter, of course, is for external application only).

D. B. D. (Carnarvon), **F. J. T.** (Worcester), **W. G.** (New York), **H. A.** (Stockton-on-Tees), **S. J. A.** (Liverpool), **S. A.** (Huddersfield).—Many thanks for yours. Contents duly noted.

The flower that makes most show in a garden at this time of year, if it has been planted to advantage, is the sweet pea, and there is no flower that better deserves its popularity, if only because of its suitability for cutting and the variety of colour which can be obtained.

Towards the end of the season, however, it is often found that the blossoms are becoming smaller. This can be remedied to some extent by feeding the plants well with manure.

But very often it is due to the fact that the flowers have not been kept closely enough cut. The sweet pea is something of a tyrant and demands constant attention in the matter of cutting flowers, as, if this is not done, the blooms will begin to decrease in size and finally to come to an end.

If you cannot find room for all the cut flowers your garden produces, send the surplus to someone who can.

* * * * * * *

Two dry-weather evening jobs which are most necessary this month are the mowing of the lawn and the watering of the garden.

These are both simple processes, one would think, yet the amateur often makes several mistakes in connection with both, more particularly in the time he chooses.

It is useless to attempt to mow the lawn satisfactorily when it is wet. The machine cannot do its work properly. The wet grass clings to and clogs it, and the machine, especially if it is one with wheels and not a roller, marks the soft lawn badly.

Watering should only be done in the evening, preferably after sunset, or at least when the sun is not on the flowers.

During a dry spell of weather it will be necessary every evening. At the same time do not forget to water the lawn, for the grass needs moisture quite as much as the flowers.

Special lawn-sprinklers are sold for attaching to a hose, but these are an unnecessary luxury, for the nozzle of the hose can be attached to a stake or rested on a forked stick, and with a good rose on will water quite a considerable area at once.

* * * * * * *

It is not yet too late to sow pansy seed in order that the plants may be strong enough to plant out in the autumn, and may become established before the winter.

Indeed, June and July are the best months for sowing the seed for next year's flowering.

There is no need to sow it under glass or in pots, pans or boxes. Sprinkle it on a level surface of fine sandy soil, and cover with a little finely-sifted soil, keeping the ground moist and protected from the birds by a net.

The young plants will be above the ground in a week or two, and may be pricked out separately as soon as they show three or four leaves beside the seed leaves. They should be set three or four inches apart, and will thus grow into good large tufts, which can be planted in their flowering quarters in September.

C. B. STAINER.

A DRUM-HEAD CHURCH PARADE.

SUNDAY MORNING IN CAMP.

Morning dawns on the first Sunday of our annual training. At the sound of "Reveille" all becomes bustle and noise, hurry is inevitable in a Yeomanry camp at 5.30 a.m. But today special hurry is necessary.

Are we not to be on parade in full dress for church service at 10.30?

For many of us it is to be our first public appearance in full-dress uniform.

Our horses attended to, and breakfast having taken the edge off our keen appetites, we return to our tents to wrestle with tight-fitting overalls and tunics with high and stiff collars. The number of men per tent is five, and five men, in a small tent made smaller by five boxes and other necessities of camp life, do not find the preparation for a full-dress parade a simple matter.

Having capsized our pals, and in turn been capsized by them in the process of dressing, we eventually succeed in getting "all on."

Having made sure we are all complete, we stroll about and watch our tardy comrades making their toilet.

Many amusing incidents are to be observed during the last few minutes before the time for parade. Here we see a perspiring youngster rushing from tent to tent endeavouring to borrow a pair of gloves. There, higher up the lines, a group of incorrigibles amuse themselves by dispatching innocent recruits for non-existent prayer-books to the most fiery Sergeant-Major in the regiment.

Eventually we are drawn up on parade, where we are subjected to a preliminary inspection by our respective Sergeant-Majors, as the Colonel has not yet arrived on the scene. Suddenly we hear, "——h'res, 'shun!" and the Colonel has arrived. He immediately commences his inspection of the regiment.

The boots, buttons, spurs, and helmet which a few minutes ago shone to our eyes like patent leathers or polished gold, now seem to us to be dull as lead, their degree of dullness increasing with the approach of the Colonel. At last he comes to us, taking careful note of us from head to foot as we gaze steadily before us. Will he never pass on? We breathe freely again; he has made no remark on us.

Soon we hear the order "Stand at ease," and the inspection is over.

The "camp" is a Brigade camp and the church service is to take place on the parade ground of one of the other regiments. Being one of the first arrivals on the parade ground, we have the pleasure of seeing the coming of the other regiments.

When all are in position, a large square has been formed, in the centre of one side of the square stands the pulpit (composed of the drums).

For his text the chaplain takes "Quit you like men," and he delivers a short but forceful sermon.

It is a never-to-be forgotten spectacle—the large number of men, the variety of uniforms, and the earnest look on the faces of the worshippers. The reverence with which the prayers were said and the sermon heard, and the full-hearted manner in which "Onward, Christian Soldiers" was sung, would do good to those who are eternally decrying the British soldier (Regular and Territorial).

The service concluded, each regiment marches to its respective quarters, with plumes tossing and spurs jingling, to the tune of the concluding hymn, played by one of the regimental bands.

On reaching our own parade-ground we are dismissed, and our first Church Parade of this "camp" is over.

B. SAVAGE.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BOOT REPAIRING.

If there is one department, more than another, in which the ordinary man adopts a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy it is in the way he has his boots repaired.

The usual run of cobblers charge about three and six for soleing and heeling and turn out the boots and shoes with "repaired" stamped all over them.

If the boots are wanted for merely knocking round this is not a matter for great agitation but it certainly will not do if they are for city wear.

Far better go to a bootmaker who will charge from four and six to five shillings and return the boots so that only an expert could tell that they had had a second sole.

A local cobbler who will undertake to sole boots cheaply, say for three shillings, and turn them out without a positive crevasse between the welt and the new sole, ought to be well on the way to fortune.

Then many men scorn to wear nails in their boots and shoes, and even let their brogues go without this protection.

If the nails or studs are put in properly there can be no objection to them—indeed, they rather add to the comfort of the shoe. The idea is to have the studs always placed in groups of three, and have an extra group along either the inside or the outside of the foot according to your wearing-out propensities.

Many boots are spoilt by having a ridge across the top of the instep towards the toe, caused by the wearer constantly turning his toes up.

To remedy this get a broad piece of cane which will only go into the boot with pressure, and always put this inside the boot when not in use.

A COLLAR TIP.

The laundry bill is an item occupying a very prominent position on the smart man's expenditure list, and any hint which will serve to lessen this "drain" is sure to be welcomed by every reader of this column.

The ideal, of course, is to wear a collar once only, but the practice of this habit is ruinous to a man of small means, whilst the abomination known as the indiarubber collar is an extremely poor imitation and at the same time a dangerous one on account of its great inflammability.

A remarkable preparation has just been put on the market by the International Patent Novelties Co., of 53, Cheapside, London, E.C., called "Lin-Gloss," with which you can treat an ordinary linen collar to a coating of transparent enamel rendering it impervious to perspiration and rain and making it possible to wash it every day for four weeks, preserving its pristine whiteness and without it losing its stiffness.

It is sold in bottles at 1s., post free, containing sufficient "Lin-Gloss" to coat six collars, so a very simple calculation will show that for this very small outlay you will be able to sport a clean collar every day for six months.

One great advantage is that the appearance of the collar is unaltered in any way, it still retaining the texture of the original article and being indistinguishable from one newly purchased from the hosiers.

The preparation renders the collar non-inflammable and should be used by everyone who wishes to don a clean collar every day and reduce his laundry bill at one and the same time.

THE HAIR AFTER BATHING.

To those readers who are spending their holiday by sea or river, the following hint may be of some use.

After bathing the hair usually exhibits a deplorable tendency to stand up on end.

If one does not attend to the hair immediately after coming out of the water there is tremendous difficulty in making it look even passable.

The best thing to do after a swim is to get home as quickly as possible and apply brilliantine.

If the bathing has been in sea-water take care to wash the hair in soft water, if procurable, or tap-water before brushing with brilliantine.

A SAFETY RAZOR TIP.

If you happen to be one of those curious people who use a safety-razor (or a lawn-mower as the scoffers term them), and find that the blade has sunk into the machine so that it does not touch the face properly, here is a valuable tip.

Take the blade out and place it in the stropping handle, and use it after the manner of an ordinary razor.

You will thus have a quite serviceable shaving implement while you get the remainder of the apparatus repaired.

It behoves every man at least to learn to shave with an unprotected razor, for one never knows when an emergency may find one with nothing else available.

DUCK TROUSERS.

For boating and other athletic amusements flannel trousers are undoubtedly comfortable, but one occasionally feels that something by way of a change would be desirable, and a pleasant alternative is to be found in white ducks.

These at the moment are very fashionable, especially for river wear, and they have the merit of being more easily washed than ordinary flannels, and may safely be handed over to the ordinary "general" without fear of their being much damaged.

It must be remembered that duck trousers show the creases of wear and tear more than do flannels; therefore it is essential for you to press them occasionally, just as you would the trousers of your ordinary lounge suits.

It is not advisable to wear ducks if you are likely to sweat much or to get wet, as you may expect to do in punting; for the linen material does not give the protection against colds that the more usual flannel does.

CONCERNING RUBBER HEELS.

Those of our readers who have decided to take an August tramp this year would be well advised to have rubber heels put on their walking boots. It stands to reason that the contact between rubber and the road is not so severe as between leather and the road.

To be a success the heels must be of a reputable make and must be put on by a man who takes proper care over the work.

Occasionally the rubber gets loose and gives the uncomfortable impression that a part of one's boot is coming off. To stop the trouble temporarily stick a small wedge of paper between the rubber and the heel of the boot. When you get home, of course a little tightening of the central screw will remedy the thing properly.

By the way, if the rubber drops off and leaves you in the horrible dilemma of having to walk on the centre screw, to say nothing of the noise you make, you have only yourself to blame.

Look at the centre screw every week or so and see that it is keeping the rubber tightly against the boot, and all trouble would be avoided.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR AN OVERCOAT.

Men who go in for walking and do not care to carry an overcoat always, should get the new style of collar that has been introduced recently, which may be converted from the ordinary lounge shape to the storm shape.

Ask your tailor about it and he will probably show you a specimen.

The coat with such a collar would be most handy for the seaside, the storm collar fitting close round the throat, and giving much-needed protection when a keen north-easter is blowing.

SUITS Patterns sent to any part of the world of our fashionable suits, **26/3** to **52/6**, together with measurement forms and illustrated book of styles. Perfect fit guaranteed, or we return your money. Suit lengths supplied from 3/- per yard.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station St., Huddersfield, Eng.

NO MORE SHINY CLOTHES. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

If you dislike your suits after they have got shiny with wear, you will be interested in a new appliance we have introduced for easily and quickly removing this objectionable appearance. The apparatus is splendidly finished, strongly made, and will last a family a lifetime. It is always ready, and never wears out. The price is **1s. 9d.**, post free.

Obtainable only from

R. PARKES and CO., 161, Blackburn Road, Accrington.

SPECIALLY FINE FLANNEL SUITS.

You CAN buy a ready-made flannel suit, but it never looks well except in the shop window.

Our flannel suits, though moderate in price, are made of specially soap-shrunk materials, and are cut and tailored with all the care and skill that have made our name famous.

If you are dissatisfied, we return your money.

Any personal fancy of your own will be carried out without extra charge.

The price is **50/-**

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Perfectly new black coat and vest, 34 chest, cost 63s.; also Summer alpaca coat; accept 32s. 6d. for the lot. Great bargain.—Box 3185, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A splendid Norfolk jacket and breeches for sale, Shetland homespun, 38in. chest, jacket never worn; cost 48s., sacrifice 28s.—Box 3189, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined, only one; a bargain, 1s. 6d.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Black box calf lace boots, sixes, worn twice; cost 22s. 6d., 8s. 6d., bargain.—Box 3191, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3194, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Modern anglers appreciate modern fishing tackle; quality unsurpassed. Serviceable rod, reel, and line complete. Fly from 10s. 6d., bottom from 5s., spinning from 6s. 9d., sea fishing from 6s. Delivered free. Catalogues free. Direct from the makers (no shops supplied).—Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch.

Stewards' Cup, Goodwood.—Gentleman closely connected with Newmarket and South Country stables has highly-tried Special for Stewards' Cup. Big price expected, as stable commission has been worked quietly. Clients who can keep this animal's name to themselves, post 1s. and stamped addressed envelope to Sadler, Joy Lane, Whitstable.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s., condition as new.—Box 3195, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, boy's free wheel cycle, good condition, 20in. frame.—Box 3196, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's cycle touring saddle, also mudguards, good, cheap.—Box 3197, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

GARDENING.

80 Cacti; also lean-to greenhouse, 10 by 8, cheap.—Box 3186, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Green's lawn mower, 14in., must be in perfect condition, lowest price cash.—Box 3199, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Guinea Kodak, box pattern, 7s. 6d.; 35s ¼-plate hand or stand camera, telescope legs. Both splendid lenses; perfect.—Box 3185, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, folding camera, ¼-plate, double extension, Tudor, Kodak, or other good make, with accessories. Cash.—Box 3200, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

A unique, interesting, and inexpensive holiday in Scotland, Lake District, Scarborough, Llandudno, Ramsey, Clevedon. Send stamp for illustrated book to British Holiday Association, Grange-over-Sands.

DOGS.

St. Bernard bitch, just over six months, orange and white, grand limbs and head; £5.—Watts, 14, Ladywell Park, Lewisham, S.E.

Large blue-brindle Great Dane dog for sale, 14 months, no vice, affectionate, loves children, good watch; £3, or offers.—Box 3203, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Young sheepdog, 5 months, sell 7s. 6d., or exchange something useful.—Box 3204, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Valuable old violin, labelled "Stradivarius 1690"; marvellous tone; worth £12 12s.; will accept highest offer: must go.—Box 3187, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Zither banjo, perfect, in embossed brown leather case, both nearly new; cost over £5, sacrifice £2.—Box 3205, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cornet, perfectly new, Besson's Class A, silver-plated, engraved, leather case; bargain, £6 10s., part exchange.—Box 3206, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cottage piano, must be in good order and cheap.—Box 3207, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted, part 97 "Captain" Magazine, also Part 39 "C. B. Fry's Magazine." Must be clean.—Beale, 48, Grosvenor Park Road, Walthamstow.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Wanted, Encyclopædia Britannica, last edition, 35 volumes, any binding.——Box 3208, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good system of house property accounts, old account books might do; also good works on salesmanship.—Particulars and price, Box 3209, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Handbook of Medical and Orthopædic Gymnastics, by Anders Wide, M.D.; also Broman on Educational Exercises. State date of edition and condition.—Box 3210, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For 6d. (current unused foreign stamps accepted) we will forward instructions which we guarantee will enable any energetic young man to make 10s. to £2 weekly in spare time. This is not recipes, but a feasible, honest plan.—The Secretary, 4, St. Mark's Road, Sunderland.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

30s. to £5 per week for work done at home. We provide materials. Send for particulars to the National Home Employment Association, 41, Albemarle Works, Hounslow.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Required by small business man, loan of £15, repayable in twenty monthly payments of £1.—Apply Box 3188, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3211, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 bond, Provident Association, London, £55 5s. paid in, eligible immediate advance; take £35, or part exchange.—Box 3198, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

"How to Gain Weight," post free 4d.—Cyril Gordon, Wellesbourne, Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

Stage Artiste's Secret, to fix hair in any position, 1s. 1d. postal order.—Syd Sley, 57, William Edward Street, Birmingham. Swankers and Pirates, please copy advertisement.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3212, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3213, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3214, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Cyril Gordon, Physical Culture Instructor, will give practical and full advice on all physical culture subjects to those sending full particulars of their case, together with fee of 2s. 6d.—Cyril Gordon, Wellesbourne, Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Perfectly new three-bottle EPNS spirit tantalus, English cut glass, cost £5 5s.; spirit flask cost 16s., tankard cost 16s., sandwich case cost 15s. World-renowned maker. Part cash and useful exchange. Make grand presents.—Box 3185, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Terrier's Companion.—Two 1.: meerschaum pipes, silver mounts, in handsome case; post free, 5s.—F. Wilson, 13, Godwin Street, Bradford.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For the most perfect safety razor ever put on the market, see "Clenechave" advertisement on page 2 of cover.

Winslow's Roller Skates, cost 21s., nearly new, will sell 12s., or exchange for mandolin or tennis racquet.—Victor K. Mallpress, Café Royal, Guiseley, Yorks.

Free Tobacco—How to obtain 6s. 8d.'s worth for the holidays; absolutely genuine.—Send P.O. 1s. 8d. for certificate, Forward Supply Co., 6, Chesterton Road, Birmingham.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Astrology.—Reveals the planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date with 1s. order. Two years' advice added.—Prof. Mercury, L.K., Llandaff, Glam.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers,
284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

July 23.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.